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# SNOWDON CRYSTALS.



# SNOWDON CRYSTALS.

ORIGINAL POEMS.

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BY

A Clergyman's Widow.

---

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

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LONDON :

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

CHELTENHAM :

R. EDWARDS, 396, HIGH STREET.

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1864.

280. m. 68.



**CHELTENHAM :**  
**PRINTED BY R. EDWARDS.**

DEDICATED  
TO  
MY DAUGHTER.

---

MY DEAR CHILD,

It is by your earnest request that I submit these effusions to the public gaze. Several of the poems were written in early life; many, upon the impulse of the moment. Almost all the circumstances and persons alluded to were known to us both; and many, very many, were written in hours of sickness. Declining health must plead my excuse for my not making a careful revision of the poems. Trusting to the tender mercies of the Reader, and to your affection, which may cover their defects,

I remain, my dear Child,  
Your loving Mother,

E. A. R.

May 23rd, 1864.

## TO THE YOUNG TRAVELLER.

If these rough specimens, collected from the wells of imagination, be deemed worthy of a place in your cabinet of memory, and thereby prove some incentive towards a search for gems of higher value, the purpose of the writer will be fully answered.

Yours,

“CAMBRIA.”

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# SNOWDON CRYSTALS:

*Original Poems.*

BY "CAMBRIA."

---

BELLE ISLE.

All hail ! Belle Isle, girt by thy watery zone !  
Peerless art thou upon thy emerald throne !  
Round thee, obsequious, lesser islets wait,  
Proud to attend their Queen in sovereign state :  
Nature upon thee lavishes her powers,  
Aurora greets thee with the laughing hours ;  
Summer lights thee with her sunny face,  
Spring pours upon thee every new-born grace ;  
Nor Autumn lags behind ; behold the dress  
Of gayest, richest colour ! Nor Winter less,—  
For he brings a robe of bright, of purest white,  
Then like a bride—thou burstest on the sight !

B

## LIGHT.

I love the light, the glorious light  
As it ushers in the day,  
As it scatters afar the gloom of night,  
And chases its shadows away !  
Oh ! Light is a glorious thing to see,  
As it throws its beams o'er the darkened sea,  
As it burnishes every leaf and spray,  
And drives the dark dews of night away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Created first ! Refulgent Light !  
Without thee, nothing moves or thrives,  
And with thee Nature springs and lives ;  
Poured over all alike thy beams,  
O'er oceans, rivers, limpid streams ;  
O'er forests vast, as o'er the weed ;  
The son of wealth, the child of need.  
Great work ! when bursting on the sight,  
The Creator said, " Let there be Light."

## A VISION.

On India's sultry plain  
 Mid gory heaps of slain,  
     I saw an angel stand !  
 On either side a glittering wing,  
 Robed majestic as a king  
     Uplifted his right hand !  
 Compassion sat upon his brow,  
 He spake with angelic voice,  
 " Ye persecuted, suffering ones,  
 Your sighs are heard, your bitter groans;  
     Rejoice, ye saints, rejoice."  
 Your gaping wounds I close,  
 I lead you to repose :  
 He who bore your sins  
 Upon the accursed tree,  
 Saith to his slaughtered ones,  
 " Come, little ones, to me."

I saw the dead arise, —the mangled, gory dead,—  
 The martyr'd warrior, mother, babe, from their dreary bed,  
 Their bloodstained vests exchanged for robes of dazzling  
     white ;  
 Glorious rose that shining throng, to realms of endless  
     light ;  
     The choral angels loudly sang,  
     Heaven's high arch, their welcome rang ;  
 And then a soft, still voice, did calmly say,  
 " Vengeance is mine, and I will sure repay."

## DESERTION.

Wherefore hast thou left me ? years have passed,  
And still I see thee as I saw thee last ;  
No change of time, no length of years efface,  
From my mind's eye, that noble form and face ;  
I see thee as thou tolds't thy tender tale,  
At which my fond heart fluttered, cheek turned pale ;  
I see thee, kneeling on that sacred spot,  
With accents eager bid me share thy lot ;  
And thou hast left me ? think'st thou thus to sever  
Two loving hearts entwined by Fate for ever ?

Say thou art changed, yet I am free from blame,  
Say thou art perjured, I am still the same ;  
No word, no look, no thought could e'er be mine,  
If false to thee, for I was wholly thine !  
What if another claims thy plighted hand,  
What if e'en joined in wedlock's holy band ;  
What tho' long years have passed since we two met,  
And I've absolved thee from that sacred debt :  
Still faithful to the past will memory be,  
And, tho' deserted—thou wilt think on me.

• THE ANGELS' ADDRESS TO A CHILD.

Come with us, Phoebe darling !  
 Why tarry longer here ?  
 Mount upward with us, little one,  
 There is no cause for fear.  
 Haste ! haste ! unto yon goodly land,  
 Why linger here below ?  
 With us there reigns eternal joy,  
 Joy unmixed with woe.

Leave here the best beloved,  
 Join our courts above ;  
 Soon, soon, it may be very soon,  
 You'll meet with those you love.  
 Joy is not substantial here,  
 Good is mixed with pain :  
 Come, little one, come (do not fear)  
 Where joys eternal reign.

MABEL'S BIRTHDAY.

'Tis New Year's Day, my youthful friend,  
 May blessings on thee shower !  
 May life, and health, friends, and wealth,  
 Increase with every hour !  
 May'st thou shine in goodly works,  
 And grow in grace and truth ;  
 That favor both with God and man,  
 May strengthen with thy youth ;  
 So when beset by storms in life,  
 Thy bark may reach that shore,  
 Where anchor may be safely cast,  
 And peril daunt no more.

## THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

Blythe, lightsome, and airy,  
 Attired like a Fairy,  
 Scarce can you hear her foot fall :  
 Beaming with grace,  
 Charming the face,  
 Of Adeline—Belle of the Ball !

See, she advances,  
 All eyes she entrances,  
 Fairest, brightest of all !  
 Conscious of power,  
 With beauty for dower,  
 Is Adeline—Belle of the Ball !

But that bright eye grows dim,—  
 She is thinking of *him*,—  
 Traitor ! he comes not at all ;  
 Nought heeds she what's spoken,  
 The charm it is broken,  
 Of Adeline—Belle of the Ball !

Returning, all faded,  
 Spiritless, jaded,  
 Heavily doth her foot fall !  
 Where is the grace,  
 The charms of the face,  
 Of Adeline—returned from the Ball ?

## TO SPRING.

Come, bright goddess, fresh and fair,  
With sunny beam and ambient air,  
To light the gloomy brow of care.  
Bring with thee thy lightsome smile,  
To cheer the mourning heart awhile;  
Let thy soft wing fan the cheek  
Of yonder maiden, pale and meek;  
With thy touch bid roses blow,  
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.  
Thou comest ! I hear thee in the breeze,  
Thy garments flutter in the trees ;  
The winds retire,—the noisy waves  
Hide within their gloomy caves ;  
While birds upon each tender spray  
Twitter their joyous roundelay.  
The timid buds aroused by you,  
Defying frost come forth to view ;  
The violet from her bed doth peep,  
The primrose wakens out of sleep,  
And asks of daisy sentinel,  
If thou art come, and all is well !  
Sweet Spring ! with thee all Nature's blest,  
So, cheerful Spring, I love thee best.



## TIME'S CHANGES.

Ah! yes! thou, too, art changed,  
The early graces fled,  
Which lent a brightness to' thy face,  
And round a halo shed.

That friendly eye is altered now,  
'Tis calm, and fixed, and cold ;  
Oh! where is now that joyous look,  
Those merry tones of old.

Where, too, is the social chat,  
The warmth when we two met ?  
We pass each other carelessly,  
And bygone days forget.

'Tis time, alas! has changed us,  
From what we were before ;  
Things, we prized in former times,  
We value now no more.

Ah! ruthless Time! why overthrow  
Bright memories of the past,  
And over youth's horizon,  
Oblivion's shadow cast ?

## THE MANIAC.

She sleeps not ! no, she cannot sleep,  
To ease her throbbing brow ;  
She weeps not ! no, she cannot weep ;  
No tear is coming now.

A fire is burning in her brain,  
A chill hangs o'er her heart ;  
She cries, " Come, come, return again,  
Never more to part."

Alas ! no more but these fond words  
Night and day resound ;  
Her feeble voice grates on the ear  
With strange unearthly sound.

Spoiler ! canst thou ever know  
In life or death true rest ?  
Thou who hast wrought this work of woe,  
Who smote so true a breast ?

Those wailing sounds will smite thine ear,  
Will hover o'er thy head ;  
Those tearless eyes will gaze on thee  
Upon thy dying bed.

## JOY.

There is joy in the meeting of friends,  
Parted for many a year,  
Joy in the clasping of hands,  
Of those beloved and dear ;  
Joy in a father's love,  
Joy in a mother's caress ;  
Joy in the grateful look  
Of one relieved from distress ;  
Joy in the smiling field,  
Waving with golden grain ;  
Joy upon quitting a couch,  
After long hours of pain ;  
Joy in music's sound,  
Joy in a fair young face ;  
Joy above ! around !  
Joy in every place !  
Oh ! say not, there are no joys below,  
Though these our joys, be mixed with woe.

## THE FORGER'S ADDRESS.

Thou scornest, yes ! and with averted eye  
And stern unyielding look, pass coldly by ;  
My guilt, my sin, to others must appear,  
But my disgrace with thee, smites deadliest here ;  
Thy love estranged, the deepest cut of all ;  
That whispers most, how great, how sad my fall.  
The world may look askance, reproach and blame,  
For thee I feel the real guilt and shame.  
I charge thee to reproach, condemn, upbraid ;  
I ask not for remembrance when afar,  
No ! no ! the very thought would comfort mar.  
I do not hope that thou couldst mourn for me,  
I am not, can be, nothing now to thee ;  
But in that shrine where once my image dwelt,  
But in the breast which sympathy hath felt,  
By all that's past, let long affection prove,  
There dwells some pity, though it dares not love.

## THE ORPHAN.

Sweet little orphan! can it be, that thou art called away  
At the first blush of early dawn, the burst of opening  
day?

Oh! can it be thy fairy form, thy intellectual mind,  
With promise of such excellence, are to the grave  
consigned?

Why wert thou lent so short a space, to gain our every  
heart,

If from thy sweet, thy loving ways, we were so soon to  
part?

But thou hast left a cold, cold world, and an earthly  
Father's love,

To bloom amidst a genial soil, with a heavenly one  
above!

Then shall we weep? our gentle one, is free from all  
alarms,

And has found again his *resting* place, within a mother's  
arms.

## PEACE.

What is our chief good below ?  
 What the best gift the heart can know ?  
     It is not wealth,  
     Nor even health ;  
 It is not friendship ; no ! nor love ;  
 'Tis not of earth, but from above ;  
 Its emblem is the gentle dove !  
     With quiet and ease,  
     Where discords cease,  
     There dwelleth peace !  
     Where love prevails,  
     Peace seldom fails ;  
 Where " Brethren dwell in unity"  
 There lovely peace will surely be ;  
 With her calm aid, we cheerful bear  
 Losses, disease, and hardest fare.  
     Nor care will molest,  
     Nor sorrow rest,  
     Within the breast,  
 Or disturb the pillow that peace hath pressed !  
 Peace cannot stay,  
 With the thoughtless and gay,  
 " For the world and its pleasures pass away."  
     Peace will not rest,  
     In the guilty breast,  
     But she will be found,  
     Upon holy ground !  
 Bright gift ! the last bestowed by Him,  
 Who knew our wants—who knew not sin ;  
 " My Peace I give," did Jesus say,  
 " Peace that the world can never give, nor take away."

## THE COTTAGE DOOR.

I saw her in that cottage,  
She stood beside the bed,  
She wiped away the clammy dew,  
From off that dying head.

With reverential awe she spoke  
And pointed out the way.  
"The way of Life" I listened to,  
And heard her sweet voice pray.

So earnest was that simple prayer  
I longed to venture in,  
But self accused, I did not dare,—  
I felt the man of sin.

She took the wasted hand,  
And with such looks of love,  
Pointed to a better land,  
That land of peace above.

The dying woman heard,  
She gazed upon her child,  
Pressed the little hand she held,  
Upwards gazed and smiled.

The little one close by  
Sent forth a bitter cry ;  
The maiden took her to her breast,  
And wiped each tearful eye.

A tear stood in her own,  
She said, " She is at rest ;  
Dear child, thy sorrowing mother  
Is numbered with the blest."

She passed, her mission o'er ;  
I could not, did not speak :  
To one whose mind was heavenward,  
Words like mine were weak.

But as I walked, I thought,  
This, this, is wisdom's way,  
I said, "This is the path of peace,  
Lord ! teach *me* how to pray."

That simple prayer was heard  
By Him I now adore,  
And countless blessings I have gained  
Within that cottage door.



## REPLY TO THE SONG OF THE STAR.

No! no! I would not be yon star,  
Whate'er the poets say,  
Whose flickering, whose uncertain beam  
Sends so weak a ray.  
No! no! give me the chaste moon's light,  
Guiding the erring wanderer right,  
And making even darkness bright.  
No; no! I would not be yon star,  
(A falling star) not I,  
A meteoric short lived fire,  
A golden mockery!  
I'd rather be the God of day,  
Warming Nature by his ray,  
And driving the dews of night away.

## TO AN INFIDEL.

Unhappy man ! I deem thee so ;  
Thou to thyself the bitterest foe !  
What of a future canst thou know ?  
Mistaken one, no hope to cheer—  
To lighten thy dark passage here ;  
No joyful, looked-for, bright to-morrow,  
To chase thy present care or sorrow.  
Puffed up by irrational pride,  
Thou hast our great God defied,  
Derided His just laws, His word :  
Say, was no voice of conscience heard ?—  
Trampled our Saviour underfoot,  
Levelled his image with the brute ;  
Could conscience and reason still be mute ?  
Fool ! look around thee, use thine eyes ;  
Before thee God's creation lies—

The sky, the tree, the worm, the flower,  
 All evidences of His power !  
 Look on thyself, each member count,  
 And from thy tott'ring height dismount.  
 Could Chance have formed thy being, whole—  
 So fitting,—and have given thee soul ?  
 Could any but a hand Divine  
 Have fashioned such a hand as thine ?  
 Could any but a Great First Cause  
 Have perfected great Nature's laws ?  
 Had Chance together atoms hurled,  
 And out of fragments made this world,  
 Then the same Chance might soon unmake,  
 And the world from its foundations shake.  
 Haply for thee it is not so :  
 That God doth look on all below,  
 He knows our wants, He hears our calls ;  
 Without Him not a sparrow falls.  
 Wretched man ! one day—one year  
 May change thy scorn to abject fear—  
 When failing limb and quiv'ring breath  
 Give warning of a coming death,  
 Leave thee no time to escape the rod  
 Of an all-searching, offended God.

Pause then, wretched self-deceiver,  
 Nor longer be an unbeliever.  
 Search His Book ; its word's Divine,  
 God's finger rests on every line.  
 Life still is thine : attend His cry,  
 " Turn ye, oh turn ; why will ye die ?"

### LAKE CRAFTNANT.

Breathes there a soul of so small mettle,  
 Who will not rouse himself a little,  
 Brace up his nerves for Craftnant view,  
 Inhaling health and pleasure too ?  
 If such there be we pass him by ;  
 Not scornful, but with pitying eye,  
 That with regret he should forego—  
 Perchance that he should never know,  
 Nor e'er again have chance to see,  
 Craftnant, the charm that dwells in thee.

## THE DYING SAILOR.

Oh ! bear me to the deck again,  
 I weary of this scene,  
 Let me fancy for awhile  
 I am, what I have been.  
 Let me see yon setting sun  
 And bask beneath his ray,  
 Lay me down upon the deck,  
 For me, there's no more day.  
 Say, is it land I see afar,  
 Just, just below the evening star ?  
 You shake the head, "Ah no !" you say  
 That we are yet far, far away.  
 But 'tis not so. I feel the breeze,  
 I hear it rustle 'mid the trees ;  
 I smell the odour of the flower  
 That climbs my sister's fairy bower.  
 Ah, there's a sound ! I know it well,  
 It is our own Cathedral bell—  
 I come, I come. Rejoice, rejoice !  
 That is my mother's tender voice.  
 Oh ! lay me now upon that breast  
 Where now I only care to rest.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

The setting sun sank in the deep,  
 And the sailor slept his dreamless sleep.

## EARLY PIETY.

The little maid drew nigh ;  
Step by step she came ;  
Low at my feet  
She took her seat,  
Whispering my name.

With earnest upward glance  
Of chaste and holy fire,  
With kindling cheek,  
Yet aspect meek,  
Nigher she came, and nigher.

“ Tell me ”—thus she spake—  
“ Tell me more of Him,  
Of Him who died  
For me ”—she cried—  
“ The Man who knew no sin.”

“ Tell,” said the little one,  
“ Of all those deeds of love  
Of Him who came—  
Despising shame—  
From the high Heaven above.”

Her tiny hands she clasped,  
 She pressed mine in her own ;  
 " He died," said she,  
 " For one like me ";  
 And a tear coursed slowly down.

### THE YOUNG HUSBAND'S LAST REQUEST.

Come hither, listen to me,  
 And by my pillow stand ;  
 I fain would gaze upon thee,  
 And press once more thy hand—  
 The hand that smoothed my brow,  
 The hand that soothed my woes,  
 The hand that ever brought to me  
 Comfort, aid, repose—  
 The hand that mine first pressed,  
 In early wedded hour—  
 The hand that never changed, or lost  
 Its tenderness and power !  
 Yes, let this little hand  
 Locked in mine remain,  
 Until—until I reach that shore  
 Where we may meet again.

## CUPID AND THE STATUE.

(ANACREONTIC.)

As it fell upon a day,  
 Cupid sighing, pouting lay :  
 Venus came,—“ My pretty lad,  
 What aileth thee, that thou art sad ?”  
 “ Oh, mother, I am full of care ;  
 I saw a maiden passing fair,  
 I aimed at her heart  
 With many a dart,  
 But always in vain,  
 And my beautiful bow is broken in twain.”  
 “ Foolish boy !” said the goddess, “ in each female heart,  
 Believe me, there must be a vulnerable part :  
 Cheer up, and in future pray let *her* alone,  
 For it's only a maiden sculptured in stone.”

## THE DISTRICT VISITOR.

She was our district visitor,  
 In manner meek and mild,  
 Earnest in the path of good,  
 Trustful as a child.



With genial face, brimful of hope,  
Of faith and charity ;  
Few could listen to her prayer,  
And doubt its sanctity.

Her cheerful tones were melody,  
Pleasant, low, and clear ;  
And when she breathed her pious wish,  
Each lent a list'ning ear.

Active in her path of good,  
Aiding the sick and poor,  
Her step was music to the ear  
When passing near the door.

Her life was like a limpid stream,  
That runneth underground,  
Which while its progress is unseen  
Makes fruitful all around.

And she is gone, the gentle one !  
To her, life had no gloom ;  
The faith and love that cheered her bed,  
Now gilds her humble tomb.

The passer-by, with tearful eye,  
Cries with mournful tone ;  
Her merits have record on high ;  
Her virtues need no stone.

## GOOD-NIGHT.

"Good-night!" "Good-night!" familiar word,  
Frequent uttered, nightly heard,  
In affection's voice oft spoke,  
Carelessly sometimes in joke.

Yet as "Good-night!" rings on the ear,  
A warning voice I seem to hear—  
"Again, again, another day,  
Part of a life has passed away."

"Good-night!" "Good-night!" the lover cries,  
"Good-night!" the fair one calm replies,  
Both envious that the close of day  
Should scatter such true friends away.

"Good-night!" "Good-night!" the mother says,  
And kneeling, thus she fondly prays,  
That angels may their vigil keep  
Over her darling in his sleep.

"Good-night!" "Good-night!" and low we bend  
O'er the couch of a dying friend;  
"Good-night!" we cry in heartfelt sorrow;  
For him there may be no to-morrow!

“ Good-night !” “ Good-night !” ah, often said,  
 The talismanic word for “ bed,”  
 That bed we rose from heretofore,  
 To-night, may never rise from more.

### COMPANIONS.

There are, who in our joyous hours  
 Lend their cheerful ray,  
 To brighten o’er our path of flowers,  
 Companions of a day :  
 They toy with us,  
 They joy with us,  
 But as the gathering night draws near,  
 They haste away.

There are, who in our days of gloom,  
 When all around is drear,  
 Seek us when we’re left alone—  
 That loneliness to cheer :  
 They weep with us,  
 They pray with us,  
 And though our sky be overcast,  
 Cling to the last.

## BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

'Tis a beautiful thought,  
That this world's vain joys,  
Its pleasures, its tumults,  
Vain pageants and noise,  
Are not our sum total ;  
There lieth in store  
Joys costly, enduring,  
Joys evermore !

'Tis a beautiful thought,  
When trouble is near  
We've a Father to pray to,  
A Father to hear,  
A Father whose arm  
Is stretched out to save,  
Whose arm is not shortened ;  
What more could we have ?

'Tis a beautiful thought,  
 When mourning alone,  
 To know that our loved ones  
 Before us are gone ;  
 That safely they're housed,  
 And calmly they rest,  
 In the storehouse of Heaven,  
 'Mid sheaves of the blest.

'Tis a beautiful thought,  
 That safe on that shore,  
 Pain, sorrow, or sickness,  
 Can vex them no more ;  
 And that we may rejoin them  
 Where tears cannot come,  
 And those we love best  
 Will welcome us home.

### LOVE'S SIGNS.

Her bright eye o'er others may carelessly shine,  
 But its lids they drop softly on meeting with mine ;  
 Her voice to all else is melodious and clear,  
 But 'tis tremulous oft as it reaches mine ear ;  
 Her hand with another may lovingly twine,  
 But it flutters whenever it rests upon mine.

## THE TRYSTING PLACE.

We strolled through the meadow,  
We stood by the rill ;  
Ye soft gliding waters  
Methinks I hear still.  
The birds carolled sweetly,  
All round us was green,  
The cowslips were waving,  
How lovely the scene !  
Yet we gazed not on it,  
No sound struck the ear,  
The eye it was downward,  
Dull was the ear.  
With hand clasped in hand  
Stood we, at rest ;  
We saw but each other,  
Were silent, were blest !  
The birds ceased their carol,  
The river flowed by ;  
The setting sun left us,  
No one was nigh !  
Voice was denied us,  
E'en nature was still,  
Yet we two stood  
By the side of that rill,  
Hand clasped in hand :  
At length our eyes met ;  
The joy of that moment  
I'll never forget.

## SEASONS.

Infant Spring comes smiling on,  
To loose the frost-bound earth,  
And wakening at his gentle touch,  
The timid buds peep forth.

Then Summer, with her glowing face,  
And train bedecked with flowers,  
Her golden radiance pours around  
Upon the lengthening hours.

Next comes sober Autumn,  
Scattering o'er the plain,  
From her well-filled matron lap,  
Fruits and golden grain.

Last totters on old Winter,  
His garments rimed with snow ;  
Crabbed, cold, infirm, and wan,  
He drags his footsteps slow.

## NUMBER ONE.

In ev'ry stage  
From youth to age,  
The maxim still doth run,  
Whatever others do or say,  
"Take care of Number One."

We don't despise  
A charge so wise,  
Because it has its merit;  
Though looking but to self alone,  
Is not the proper spirit.

But we'll engage  
From youth to age  
To join a code more new,  
And not forgetting Number One,  
Take care of Number Two.



## TO A SONGSTRESS.

Sweet songstress, beautiful as sweet,  
 Thy voice, melodious, strikes upon the ear ;  
 High now its tones of triumph, loud and clear ;  
 Now softly tremulous, gentle, dulcet, low,  
 Telling a tale of blighted love, or woe.  
 Sweet harmonist ! whose notes have such strange  
     power,  
 To reach the very soul, calm the fierce hour,  
 Rouse up the angry passions, lay them low,  
 Prostrate the will, the heart's affections show,  
 Work wonders, ay—how great, let poets tell :  
 Thy strains float on the air, like Philomel ;  
 As wafts the liquid cadence, in fancy I could  
     soar  
 Upon the wings of harmony, while discord is  
     no more.

## MOMENTS.

We are going, we are going,  
     Onward—forward still we go,  
 Never halting, never resting ;  
     Whitherward—ah ! who can know ?

In our progress bring we changes,  
 Changes, mortals, to ye all ;  
 Listen to us, as we pass you :  
 Moments past who can recall ?

Vainly ask of us to linger,  
 Steadfast, constant is our flow ;  
 Fixed by an eternal finger,  
 Onward—forward still we go.

We are going, we are going,  
 Bearing with us hopes and fears,  
 Adding up in countless units  
 Hours and days and months and years.

We are little ; how important,  
 Death-bed scenes can well portray :  
 Change how great lies in that moment  
 Which bears the parting soul away !

Mortals ! slight not then our mission ;  
 One moment may decide for thee :  
 Onward ! forward ! we shall speed thee  
 Onward to eternity !

D

## THE SUMMER SUN.

The summer sun shines cheerily,  
Making all young again !  
The blood it boundeth merrily,  
Easing care and pain.  
The heart o'er-bent with sorrow  
In sunshine finds relief,  
It hopeth for the morrow,  
Joy mingleth with its grief.

The summer sun shines merrily  
Over both rich and poor,  
Gildeth up the palace hall,  
Brightens the cottage door,  
Burnishes the foliage  
Of every bush and tree,  
Sparkles in the running stream,  
And dances on the sea.

Oh ! the summer sun shines cheerily,  
Showing forth the flowers,  
Gladdening all it glances on,  
Cheering the days and hours.  
Each season has its pleasures,  
But the summer sun for me !  
Earth poureth out her treasures,  
As it shineth merrily.

## TO "H. R."

Beloved, thou hast left me ;  
    Ten years we spent together,  
Ten short years of happiness,  
When this world wore its richest dress,  
And everything conspired to bless—  
    Those years are fled for ever !

    Beloved, thou art gone !  
The time we passed together  
Thou wert to me father, mother,  
Friend, husband, sister, brother ;  
I asked none else, I wished no other,  
    But I am now alone.

Beloved, didst thou grieve me,  
    The years we spent together ?  
Ah yes ! thou gavest me one sad pain,  
'Twas parting ne'er to meet again,  
    That sad farewell for ever !

## THE STUDENT.

I see yon student poring o'er  
That heavy tome of dusty lore  
With such a careworn, weary look ;  
Stooping, he turns the well-thumbed book.  
Anon he starts with eager eyes !  
He has unearthed some hidden prize !  
See ! his dim eye waxes more bright ;  
Fresh braced to labour through the night,  
The lamp he trims ; he heeds not rest,  
His task completed, he is bless'd ;  
Unconscious he, wrapt as in a dream,  
Muttering low some learned theme.  
I speak : he hears not—answereth not ;  
Blunders at length, "Ah ! I have forgot."  
Pallid the meagre face, harass'd by toil,  
Is his who consumes the midnight oil ;  
Weakly the frame, haggard in looks  
Is the poor student, the slave of books.  
Oh ! tell me not of Learning—Fame,  
Though he immortalize his name  
With that worn-out, wasted frame.  
Collegiate honours ! highest prize !—  
Vanity of vanities !  
Tell yon pale student, " Learning's bought  
With life itself, and life is short."

## CHRISTMAS TIME.

Christmas time is a joyous time, it bringeth right good  
cheer,

It bringeth round the social board faces long loved and  
dear ;

And round about the glowing hearth

Reign hospitality and mirth !

Christmas time is a mirthful time, when harmless jokes  
abound,

When youth and beauty brighten up to music's festive  
sound,

And the merry laugh goes forth

Round about the blazing hearth.

Still Christmas time is a saddened time, for 'mid its  
mirth and cheer,

We look around the social board, and miss one here and  
there ;

And then around the glowing hearth

The vacant chair subdues our mirth.

And Christmas time is a solemn time : another year is  
past—

Life is drawing to a close—this may be our last :

And faces lengthen, round the hearth, .

As we mingle with awe the cup of mirth !

And Christmas time is a holy time ; it bears upon its  
wing

The Christian's grateful incense to Christ, his Heavenly  
King ;

And the hymn of praise around the hearth  
Seems an altar raised 'mid heaven and earth.

### ADIEU !

Adieu ! pretty Swindon, dear cosy nest,  
Abode of the pleasantest, sweetest, and best,  
Apart from the town's gay tumult and din,  
Calm Nature without, and good-nature within ;  
Where comfort, good order, loveliness, grace,  
Throw, like a veil, a charm o'er thy face.  
Ah, Swindon ! may no destroyer e'er come  
Casting a blight o'er so sunny a home ;  
May discord ne'er enter, or aught evil dare  
Cloud o'er a scene so peaceful, so fair :  
But may love cast his spell, and, like thy sweet  
    rose,  
Shed beauty and fragrance wherever he goes.

## EMMA.

How beautiful, how bright, she looked  
When home I quitted last !  
For o'er her youthful horizon  
No cloud as yet had passed :  
She pressed a blooming cheek to mine,  
A tear upon it fell,  
But, blending sweetly with a smile,  
That tear became her well.

Still beautiful and fair she looked  
When, after years, we met,  
But pale as moonlight's silvery beams ;  
Alas, her sun had set !  
She pressed a matron cheek to mine—  
That cheek was sunk, and pale,  
And fragile was that bending form ;  
It told its own sad tale.

Still beautiful and calm she looked,  
As on the couch she lay ;  
And all unconscious of our griefs,  
Gently she passed away.  
'Twas mine to press that clay-cold cheek,  
To take a long farewell,  
Of one so lovely, loving,—and loved,  
Ah ! more than words can tell !



## WISHES.

I often wish that I had wealth  
When I the wealthy see,  
But tho' I breathe the prayer in stealth,  
I wish it but for thee.

I often wish I lovely were,  
Though charms and beauties die ;  
For, oh ! I would be passing fair,  
If but to please thine eye.

I wish sometimes my name proclaimed  
For nobleness of birth ;  
Still more I wish that I were famed  
For virtue, sense, and worth.

But 'tis not so ; I lay no claim  
To beauty, wealth, or power :  
I perish then without a name,  
The pageant of an hour.

## ON SEEING A FUNERAL.

I saw the dull, sad hearse move slow along,  
 I heard the death-bell toll the funeral song,  
 Before my abstracted sight the mourners knelt, \*  
 And the surrounding stillness sad I felt.  
 The mournful accents struck upon mine ear,  
 "Dust to dust," as they approached more near;  
 I heard the struggling sigh from the grief-pent breast,  
 I saw the tearful eye for the soul at rest,  
 I saw the corpse entombed—the concourse o'er,  
 I heard the last, last step. \* \* \* I saw no more.

## REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

When summer's freshest flowers  
 Were brightening all the bowers,  
 When lengthening were the hours,  
     And bluest skies abound,  
 When linnets sang their sweetest lay,  
 When children joined in jocund play,  
 Her sweeter voice was hushed for aye—  
     We laid her in the ground !

## AUNT MARY.

Say, is it for thy loveliness? is it for thy love?  
 Is it for thy worthiness, all other charms above?  
 Is it for thy piety, which burns with purest flame?  
 Say, what is it so loveable, Aunt Mary, in thy name?

Is it for thy kindness?—another may be kind;  
 Is it thy forbearance, to every failing blind?  
 Is it for thy watchful care, in ev'ry age displayed?  
 Why is it, Aunt Mary dear, you're loved, and yet  
     obeyed?

Is it for thy ready tear when pain or grief annoys?  
 Is it that thy gladsome face shares our little joys?  
 Is it for thy good housewifery, whose offices ne'er tire?  
 What nameless charm, Aunt Mary dear, do we so much  
     admire?

Indeed, we cannot name the charm, though other folk  
     may guess,  
 But oh! we would not value thee or love thee any less;  
 Whatever be thy witchery, we love thee passing well,  
 Long, long, too, may we share thy love—So, Aunt dear  
     —Farewell!

## TO MY FATHER.

Forget thee, dear father ! Though silent the spot  
Where thou art reposing, thou art not forgot ;  
Though unnoticed, unmarked by a stone o'er thy head,  
And mingled years since with thy kindred the dead,  
Yet fresh in this bosom thy mem'ry will be,  
While life's flowing current yet lingers in me.

Thou art not forgot.

Forget thee, dear parent ! Can love such as thine  
Fade from remembrance, and vanish with time ?  
No ! though years may roll by, and leave not a trace  
In mem'ry's page of that dearly loved face ;  
Though grief may give way to a ling'ring regret,  
And tears' fountain close ; yet we do not forget.

No, we do not forget.

Forget thee, dear friend, the friend of my youth,  
Who trained me in paths of uprightness and truth !  
No ! though sighs will intrude, one comfort remains —  
Thou art removed from the world's bitter pains ;  
Its trials, its cares, no more to endure,  
For this world was scarce worthy a spirit so pure.

Thou art not forgot.

Forget thee, blest spirit ! No ; comfort from heaven,  
 The "healing of nations," to mortals is given—  
 A balm for our grief, so solid, so sure ;  
 The firm "Rock of Ages" will ever endure.  
 I would not recall thee, then, back to this earth,  
 No—bequeath me thy spirit, thy meekness, thy worth,  
 As the prophet of yore his mantle o'ercast—  
 I may in due season rejoin thee at last.  
 Thou art not forgot.

### THE CATARACT.

Ever splashing,  
 Ever dashing,  
 Waters pour,  
 With a ceaseless, deafening roar ;  
 Ever ranging,  
 Ever changing,  
 Onward, with resistless power !  
 Wondrous art thou !

As we gaze,  
 In deep amaze,  
 At thy waters rushing down,  
 Midst our delight  
 We shudder in fright,  
 Yet to ourselves dare not own—  
 Fearful art thou !

Ever streaming,  
 Brightly gleaming,  
 In the sunshine thou dost play ;  
 Never tiring,  
 All admiring,  
 Still we watch thy foaming, feathery spray.  
 Beautiful art thou !

Downward hurling,  
 Wreathing, curling,  
 In uncouth waves ;  
 The water-sprite  
 Screams in affright,  
 And moans from his gloomy caves.  
 The bubbles say, "Away ! away !"  
 Still onward, with a giant force,  
 The heedless torrent bends his course.  
 Resistless art thou !

## PASSING AWAY.

Day after day,  
 Year after year,  
 Follies and faults  
 Greater appear :  
 We struggle in vain  
 To break their chain,—  
 Repent one hour—return again !

Year after year,  
 Day after day,  
 Sorrows and joys  
 Haste and decay :  
 Like the leaves sere,  
 They droop, disappear,  
 And leave the tree naked and bare.

Day after day,  
 Year after year,  
 Virtues and worth  
 Greater appear :  
 Like stars on high,  
 In a darkened sky,  
 They light up the clouds that round them lie.

Year after year,  
 Day after day,—  
 Quickly—how quickly,  
 They pass away !  
 Onward they flee,  
 Like the waves of the sea,—  
 Bearing the soul to Eternity !

### MUSIC AT EVENING.

Music's tones have fuller power  
 In the soothing twilight hour ;  
 Sweeter than the simple lay  
 Than midst the turmoil of the day :  
 When busy tongues are fast asleep,  
 And round the shades of evening creep,  
 A holy calm pervades the air,  
 A soft, still echo lingers there,  
 And Music's tones fall on the ear,  
 Sweet, powerful, melodious, clear.

Who has not felt the magic note,  
 As calmly on the lake we float ?  
 Sweet sounds approach—now far, now near—  
 Stealing so gently on the ear,  
 That all above, about, around,  
 Seems redolent alone of sound,  
 And the senses, steeped in harmony,  
 Mount upward to the tranquil sky.



## THE DESERTED HOME.

Yes, desolate I am, alas! but what is that to thee?  
 What is all my grief of heart?—thou hadst no love  
 for me.

Thy poor deserted infants say, "Oh, where is Mother—  
 where?"

"Where—where?" I answer madly, and echo answers,  
 "where?"

The form I so long idolized, it is another's now;  
 The breast I fondly leant upon, has broke its sacred vow;  
 Those lips I trusted—ah! too much,—and oh! that  
 witching smile,

Where sin has left its dark, dark spot, and all is changed  
 and vile.

Thy path will soon be lonely too, for ere those charms  
 decay,

The spoiler like a loathsome weed will cast thee far  
 away,

And the fair one so fondly loved, my bosom's friend,  
 my joy,

Will be to him (perhaps is now,) a bauble and a toy.

And when disease attacks thy frame, in fancy wilt  
 thou see

A face that beamed with holy love, that ever smiled on  
 thee;

And as within thy heart thou'lt look, so barren, loath-  
 some, bare,

Thou'lt curse the very destiny that made thy form  
 so fair.

## A. WORD.

It was but one, *one* little word,  
 Softly whisper'd, scarcely heard,  
 That wrought such changes—change how great !  
 Blest above others, blessing fate !—  
 And that came from the lip of KATE !

It was one word, a smaller one,  
 That froze a warm heart into stone,  
 Changed even Nature to the eye,  
 That made me all mankind defy ;  
 'Twas Mary gave me that reply.

What's in a word ? oh much, it seems,  
 Since *one* can light up gloomy scenes,  
 ONE make darker life's dull way :  
 Oh ! much is in a word, I say :  
 Pause ere you utter, "Yea" or "Nay."

Yes, pause, I say ; reflect awhile :  
 Power lies in a look or smile ;  
 But greater happiness or woe—  
 Ay, more than every heart can know—  
 Lie in those short words, *yes* or *no*.

E

## TO THE TONGUE.

There is a certain active sprite  
Which to our sex belongs ;  
'Tis Nature's gift, and kindly lent  
To set to rights our wrongs.

This little member is as sharp  
As any two-edg'd sword ;  
It separateth very friends,  
E'en by a thoughtless word.

At times it is a poisoned dart,  
And bears upon its wings  
Slander of a neighbour's fame,  
And with cruel venom stings.

Again, it turneth wrath away,  
With one mild word disarms ;  
'Tis then it gives a lasting touch  
To brightest, loveliest charms.

Say, what is there so loveable  
In woman, old or young,  
As a gentle, loving, kindly voice,  
And a persuasive tongue ?

Talent may weary—beauty, tire—  
And music, lose her power ;  
But the little member seldom fails  
To wile away the hour.

## TIME'S VALUE.

I see old shadowy Time draw near,  
 His wings they fan my cheek ;  
 He shakes the hour-glass, nearly spent !  
 And thus, in accents weak :—  
 “ Mortal ! thy race is almost run :  
 Repine not at thy fate ;  
 It is the lot of all below  
 At early morn, or late.  
 It must be, thou art now prepared  
 That Time should hew thee down :  
 How hast thou spent thy long, long years ? ”—  
 Thus spake he, with a frown.  
 He raised the scythe—I shrieked with fear !—  
 “ One moment ! ”—did implore ;  
 “ Oh give me back one misspent hour,  
 And I will sin no more.”

## PRAYER DURING A PESTILENCE.

O Lord, to Thee we loudly cry, in this our sore distress ;  
 Deliver us, in this great need, from ills that do oppress.  
 Oh let Thy mercy now descend, to heal our sov'reign  
     woes,  
 That mercy, Prince of Peace, bestow, and lead us to  
     repose.

Give us again a quiet land, a land of peace and health ;  
For now these blessings are denied, they far exceed all  
wealth.

Give us likewise a grateful heart and a contented mind,  
That what Thou giv'st and what deniest may meet us  
still resigned.

We do not ask relief of Thee for merits of our own ;  
We know too well we sinners are, nor ever can atone  
For sins committed, duties missed, or sinful prayers  
alone.

But unto Thee our voice we raise, for who but Thee can  
give

Relief from pain and pestilence, and make the dying  
live ?

Lord, we are sorely grieved and pained, by sickness  
compassed round :

On ev'ry side Death deals his dart, nowhere is safety  
found ;

Do Thou hold back his vengeful arm, and shield us by  
Thy power :

Forgive our weakness, worthlessness, and comfort on us  
shower.

This boon we crave for Jesu's sake, we ask it free from  
doubt,

For Thou hast said, " Who comes to me, I never will  
cast out."

## ON AN UNKNOWN INFANT.

Sweet babe I ne'er may chance to see,  
A stanza must I make on thee ?

Then brighten up, my muse !  
Sweet smiler from thy cot, awake !  
Yes, look up, darling, for my sake ;

Then how could I refuse ?  
I'll sketch thy portrait, baby dear,  
Nor will I flatter—never fear,

Yet paint thee fresh and fair,  
With eyes of such bewitching hue,  
'Twere hard to say if black, or blue,—

And silken skeins thy hair ;  
Such tiny hands, such snowy feet,  
To handle them were quite a treat,—

And then that spotless brow !  
To kiss that ruby lip awhile,  
To hear thee coo, to see thee smile,

Might break a vestal vow !  
But what art thou ?—a child of earth,  
A child of wrath, of sin by birth—

Ah ! thou beliest thy face !  
That snowy breast seems peace within,  
So pure, so free from guilt or sin,  
Befitting a child of grace.

AN IMPROMPTU.

And does my dear Jeanie complain,  
 No stanza I write upon her ?  
 Does she think I've forgotten her quite,  
 Or that I could another prefer ?

Go tell the sweet maiden I love,  
 This heart is so truly her own,  
 Like Niobe, if she depart,  
 This heart would be changed into stone.

Bid her judge not the poet so ill,  
 If her praises he does not rehearse :  
 Her merits his volume might fill,  
 And occupy every verse.

Besides, ev'ry maiden would rise,  
 Should he her loveliness sing,  
 And from envy might scratch out *her* eyes,  
 And call *him* an ill-natured thing.

Silence, they say, is a test :  
 Not always the praises we sing  
 Of those we love dearest and best ;  
 Ah, no ! 'tis too sacred a thing.

So, Jeanie, these verses receive,  
 Take the good will for the deed;  
 And if you his affection believe,  
 Your poet is happy indeed.

### MAID OF THE FOREST.

Maid of the forest, free and wild,  
 Nature's gamesome, untaught child,  
 Far from the busy world exiled,  
     Child of the sunny brow!  
 Sportive, full of laughing glee,  
 Busy as the summer bee,  
 Dowried in simplicity,  
     Child of the sunny brow!  
 Bounding like the agile roe,  
 Free to come, and free to go,  
 Guileless, who could work thee woe,  
     Child of the sunny brow?  
 May no spoiler with burnished wing  
 Dazzle thine eye while he plants his sting,  
 Then pass thee by, as a worthless thing,  
     Child of the sunny brow!



## THE FAITHLESS.

I mark her, as she passes me  
As though I were not seen ;  
She passes with averted eye,  
Majestic as a queen.  
I see another lead her forth  
From midst the festive throng ;  
I hear another praise those lips,  
So excellent in song.

Another now may hold her fan,  
And stand beside her chair  
To catch those accents, soft and low,  
From lips so false and fair.  
I envy not ; I see that face  
Wreathed with its fatal smile,  
I feel no more its witchery,  
To me 'tis full of guile.

Another now may take that hand,  
The hand I used to press ;  
I loath it as a serpent's fang—  
Her voice ! her fond caress !  
I seek no more her blandishments,  
Her charms are now defied :  
For why ? A true, a loving mate  
Is sitting by my side !

## REMOVING.

Removing ! removing !—a precious time it is,  
Enough to send a body cracked, and lengthen ev'ry phiz !  
Aching back, and trembling pulse, and evils many  
another,  
Packing this, and cracking that, and—Oh, the dust and  
smother !  
While trod and torn by ruthless hands are glass and  
china platter,  
And heaped on heaps lie household gods, helter skelter  
—scatter !  
Many a sacred relic, too, comes forth destroyed and  
faded,  
Dormitories all pulled down, and each sanctuary invaded.  
Plates and dishes fly away, while not a fork or knife  
Remains to cut our daily bread. What a change in life !  
Burly forms with dirty feet come around and near,  
Handling with no tender hands the things so prized and  
dear.  
See father's picture snatched away without a thought  
or care ;  
And lo ! the plate-chest disappears, to go you know not  
where !

China, glass, and crockery, *will* be smashed of course ;  
 And you may bawl away, "Take care !"—and cry till  
     you are hoarse ;

And then, when all are in the cart, just take a heavy  
     purse,

Lighten it for sake of peace, for better or for worse :  
 Content to humble in the dust, lowly, on the ground,  
 For not a chair, or yet a stool, in the place is found !  
 Changes wait on all below ; blessings may lie in store  
 For us, within our new-found home, we ne'er knew  
     heretofore.

So removing ! removing—though not a time of rest—  
 May yet show forth a mighty truth, " Whatever is,  
     is best."

### WHAT IS LEFT ?

Steep'd in penury and woe,  
 Little comfort here below,  
 When pains are frequent,—friends are few,  
 What can we poor mortals do ?  
 We look around, of all bereft,  
 And cry despairing, " What is left ?"  
 There is plenty yet in store ;  
 Wine and milk—ay, running o'er,  
 If we prove our title clear ;  
 And a fast Friend hov'ring near :  
 He, when we seem of all bereft,  
 Cries—" Look above ! there's something left."

## THE DREAM.

A dream came o'er me :  
 To my raptur'd sight  
 There lay a smiling landscape,  
 Bath'd in a flood of light ;  
 Sweet fields of green  
 Within were seen,  
 And forms in dazzling white !

I stood upon a high—a lofty bark,  
 Around which rolled the surge in masses dark.  
 “Pilot! oh, haste!” I cried, “I pray thee, haste !  
 Let me the pleasures of yon bright land taste ;  
 Oh, linger not upon those waters waste !”

The pilot cried—“The rocks abound !  
 The bark she leaks—we run aground !”

We toiled, and toiled,  
 Night drew near,  
 All faces round  
 Pallid with fear.

“What can we do, pilot, our lives to save ?  
 How, how escape this dark, this mournful grave ?”

“Bring unto me  
 Your burdens,” said he,  
 And let me cast them into the sea.”

Hesitating, still afraid,  
Some objected—all dismayed.

One man held fast

His precious store ;

'Twas solid gold,—

How heave that o'er ?

Another bore a heavy pack,

Strapp'd across his weary back :

That heavy load his fate should share ;

It was his all, how could he spare ?

Another stood, in sullen gloom

Eying the depths of the deep, dark tomb.

Some would no attention pay—

Derided—laugh'd the time away.

One had a gem, both rich and rare,

Hid in his vest with jealous care.

Some threw their baubles, nothing more,

Retaining one idol still to adore.

My treasure, too, I held it fast ;

How could I it overcast,

And lose it in the ocean vast ?

“ Enough ! ” cries he ; “ I cannot wait—

Triflers ! stay and meet your fate ! ”

“ Wait ! wait for me ! ” shuddering, thus I spoke :

“ Pilot, I give thee all ! ” . . . And I awoke.

## EARLY HOURS.

I skirted the mountain, vast and bleak,  
 With its fir-fringed base and its stony peak ;  
 'Twas break of day, a solemn hour,  
 Bringing nearer an Almighty power.  
 Above, below, far off, around,  
 Lay silent pastures—not a sound  
 Broke on that stillness—sheep lay there ;  
 Asleep they felt their shepherd's care.  
 No form of living man was seen—  
 As uncreated—ne'er had been !  
 At distance, wrapt in haze, the sea,  
 Veiling its mighty self in mystery !

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

At such an hour how very small appears  
 The joys of life, its griefs, its hopes, its fears,  
 Its minutes, hours, and days, its months and years !  
 How little all things ! what mockery,  
 That Art with Nature e'er should seek to vie !  
 At such an hour our spirit seeks to rise,  
 As if 'twould spurn the earth, to seek the skies ;  
 Then, then, the tranquil earth so blends with heav'n,  
 That man's aspiring hopes perchance may be forgiv'n.

## TRUST.

Trust thee ! oh why the question ask ?  
 To doubt would be the greater task ;  
 Couldst thou change, then love were not,  
 And faith and honour but a blot.

Trust thee ! the tie 'twixt me and thee  
 Unites our souls in unity  
 With adamantine chain for ever,  
 Which time nor absence cannot sever.

Trust thee ! dare I doubt thy love ?  
 Our vows are registered above ;  
 Angels looked on from heav'n's vault high,  
 And sealed them to eternity !

## INCONSTANCY.

He singled her from out the crowd,  
 He stood beside her chair ;  
 The place seemed full of vacancy,  
 If chance he came not there ;  
 He praised her not whene'er she sang,  
 But when the loud, loud praises rang  
 He whispered in her ear.

He did not fail to note each act—  
 To watch her bright blue eye ;  
 And oh ! the time moved slowly on,  
 If chance he stood not by ;  
 The seat beside he did not claim,  
 But 'twas acceded all the same,  
 Yielded as a right.

Years passed : he never told his love,  
 Nor ever breathed a word  
 Of hopes that could be counted on ;  
 It was but "hope deferred" :  
 She doubted not, nor did she fear,  
 The faith, the love, of one so dear,  
 But hoped, and hoped on.

But rolling time brought changes,  
 It brought another flower ;  
 He sunned him with another's smiles,  
 He sought another's bower :  
 He came not now beside *her* chair,  
 And the vacant place seemed everywhere !  
 • Nor did he come again.



## WHO ?

Who is my Shepherd ? who but He  
 Who shields me from alarms,  
 Who guides, protects, and comforts me,  
 Who soothes me in His arms.

Who is my Father ? who but He  
 Who, in youth and age, doth prove  
 The strength, the length, the depth, and height  
 Of His enduring love.

Who is my Lord ? ah ! who but He  
 Who governs by His word,  
 Whose smile is life, whose frown is death,  
 My Shepherd, Father, Lord.

## CONSOLATIONS.

Look up, poor mourner ! now you mourn,  
 But joyful days may yet return ;  
 The darkest point of night, they say,  
 Is that which ushers in the day.

Look up, poor friend ! you anguish feel,  
 But time these sorrows yet may heal ;  
 How sad, how sore, be our regret,  
 Haply the heart may yet forget.

Look up ! look up ! nor yet despair ;  
 Your burden's not too great to bear :  
 Look up ! trust Him who says to thee,  
 "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

### IN SICKNESS.

Kept from the house of prayer, O Lord,  
 Denied the hearing of Thy word,  
     Forbade to join the throng  
 Assembled in that holy place,  
 Where the heart's pray'r mounts up by grace,  
     And saints unite in song.

"Where two or three in pray'r agree  
 To meet, I will in presence be,  
     And listen to their cry" ;  
 Thus saith my God : then—oh, how sweet !—  
 Who would not go with eager feet  
     To meet this Friend on high ?

But Thou canst listen to my pray'r,  
 For Thou art present everywhere,  
     Thou art about my bed ;  
 Then pour Thy Spirit into me,  
 And, from the bonds of sin set free,  
 Let this weak soul for ever be  
     With heav'nly manna fed.

## A VOICE FROM THE PENITENTIARY.

And is my doom, then, fixed ? 'Tis hard,  
 Years from social ties debarred :  
 Mercy ! good judge, in mercy, spare !  
 My punishment's too great to bear.

Silent and sad, no voice I hear,  
 No footstep greets my list'ning ear ;  
 'Tis silence all, how vast !—profound !  
 Vainly I seek to catch one sound.

All's still !

I labour till the close of day,  
 Then in my cell I read and pray ;  
 But no word, no cheering smile,  
 The lonely, weary hours beguile.

All's still !

When the veil of night is spread,  
 Alone I stretch me on my bed,  
 Uncheered by friendly taper's light,  
 Unhallowed by a kind " Good-night."

All's still !

Often I wake to watch—to weep,  
 Denied the soothing pow'r of sleep ;  
 In waking dreams 'tis, then, I see  
 Dear forms from home approaching me !

All's still !

Cruel illusion !—up I start,  
 Essay to catch them to my heart ;  
 I clasp the empty air !—they're gone :  
 I weep that I am all alone.

All's still !

When, with breast oppressed with woe,  
 Bitter tears unheeded flow ;  
 No tongue to check, or to reply ;  
 No breast to echo back my sigh ;—

All's still !

When cruel sickness shakes my frame,  
 Weakened by fever's burning flame,  
 With trembling hand and parchéd lip  
 I strive, in vain, my draught to sip.

All's still !

No gentle nurse with face of grief ;  
 No hand stretched forth to give relief,  
 Smooth the rough pillow, watch or pray,  
 Or wipe the clammy dew away.

All's still !

Oh ! ye who yet such blessings own,  
 Friend, parent, kindred,—hear my moan ;  
 Profit ye by my hapless fate ;  
 Redeem the time ere 'tis too late.

All's still !

## THE WEDDING BELL.

The wedding bell it goes ding dong,  
With its ringing joyous sound,  
Striking the ear  
In tones so clear,  
Making all hearts rebound ;  
Yet, strange to say, that wedding bell  
Heralds oft a sad farewell.

The merry bell it ringeth on,  
As in gay array she passes along—  
The bride ! the bride !  
In her beauty and pride,  
'Mid sounds of revelry and song !  
And the silent tear, ere it downward fell,  
Is checked by the sound of the wedding bell !

Forth from the church they bear her along ;  
The merry bell rings, pealing on !  
Ding dong ! ding dong !  
The two are one !  
Onward they move—that busy throng :  
To joy or woe—ah, who can tell !—  
Sounds the chime of that wedding bell !

## TO EDITH.

My sister, in the dark, dread hour,  
Say, wert thou conscious of Religion's power ?  
Wert thou supported by that powerful staff  
At which the worldling and the sceptic laugh ?  
Tell me—ah ! tell me—in thy woe and pain,  
Did He thy heavy burthen still sustain,  
To whom the weary sinner never cries in vain ?

Alone, untended, in yon far-off land,  
No friend, no relative, upon its foreign strand,  
Didst thou not crave thy distant home to see ?—  
This is a thought, a bitter one to me ;  
Thy last, last hours are wrapt in mystery !

They say there was one friend, all other friends before,  
Who soothed thy anguish, smoothed thy pillow o'er,  
Who gave the aid a worldly friend might give—  
Would fain have saved thee, fain have bade thee live !

Sweet thought ! but didst thou seek for One on high,  
He who for thee did condescend to die,  
He who can make e'en death's dark valley light,  
The Sun of righteousness, refulgent, bright ?  
Ah yes ! I will believe that by His power,  
Edith, thou wert sustained in death's dark hour.

## ON A FAVOURITE DOG.

Full of frolic, sportive, wild,  
Playful as a little child,  
Many an hour hast thou beguiled,  
My Flora.

When in fault, who humbly came,  
Meekly receiving rod or blame,  
Hanging down thy head with shame ?  
My Flora.

At meal time, sitting closely by,  
Not noisily for bone would try,  
But meekly cast on me thine eye,  
My Flora.

Mild as a lamb, of gentle blood,  
Nor fawning, nor of churlish mood,  
Courageous, yet not bold or rude,  
My Flora.

If at times I sat reclined,  
Chafed in spirit, grieved in mind,  
Concerned and anxious did I find  
My Flora. .

With reasoning powers, thy bright black eye  
 To answer me would often try,  
 And to my fancy *did* reply

My Flora.

If home returning, who so glad,  
 Frisking, gleeful, almost mad ?  
 And when I went, ah ! who so sad

As Flora ?

Delicate and full of grace,  
 Beautiful in form and face,  
 Truest of thy true-born race,

My Flora.

E'en when disease her empire spread,  
 Dimmed thy bright eye, made gray thy head,  
 Dulled thy quick ear, weakened thy tread,

My Flora.

Weak, infirm, no power to guide,  
 Still ever hov'ring by my side,  
 Faithful till death, 'twas there she died.

My Flora.



## MY BIRTHDAY.

My birth-day ! my birth-day !

Wherefore comest thou  
To tell me of the days gone by,  
Which to recall, not worlds could buy ?  
I do not love thee now.

Too quickly time has o'er me flown ;  
Twelve moons ! can they be past !  
Too soon thou hast returned this way ;  
And with great Titus, I must say,  
“ Friend, I too have lost a day  
Since we parted last.”

Come, let us reason now together :  
Time was I loved thee well ;  
Thy glad approach I flew to greet,  
Chiding thee too for tardy feet,  
Bounding with joy kind words to meet,  
From dear lips that fell.

Congratulations and bright gifts  
On natal day were giv'n :  
With honours big, queen of the hour,  
A birth-day seemed a princely dower  
Bequeathed by heaven !

Years after, when no longer young,  
 And pleasure's tide flowed calm ;  
 When half-ashamed to see thy face,  
 Which stole each year some youthful grace ;  
 Still thou hadst a charm.

But now I really must confess  
 Thy visits bring but sorrow—  
 What ! bring thee but fresh care and pains ?—  
 No youthful throb now fills these veins,  
 Of a glad to-morrow.

And then, we can but ill converse  
 Of by-gone days with pleasure ;  
 Alas ! the retrospective view  
 Little credits me or you ;  
 And these must fill the measure.

Henceforward lag thy chariot-wheels,  
 Steal slowly on, I pray :  
 I do not long to see thee now,  
 To scatter gray hairs o'er my brow ;  
 No welcome visitor art thou,  
 My once beloved birth-day !

## TO MY PEN.

Companion of my early days, come listen to my lay,  
 For in thy praise fain would I sing an humble roundelay.  
 Thou daughter of a worthy dame,\* though not for sense  
                   renowned,

This thou redeem'st, for with thy aid can lack of brains  
                   be found.

That many seek to gain renown by thy aid, is true,  
 Who with puny efforts, weak, still the Muses sue.  
 But mighty souls by thee acquire their future fame,  
 Souls who to genius may aspire, and by thee gain a  
                   name,—

Souls who had perished whence they sprang, in low  
                   obscurity,

Had not the trump of Fame proclaimed the name  
                   they owed to thee.

How many of the gentler sex whose modest merits shine  
 Had dwelt in utter darkness, like diamonds in the mine !  
 Nor genius only debtor is to thee, my feathery friend ;  
 But friendship, love, and commerce, owe thee thanks  
                   without an end.

Obedient art thou to each call, but soon thy short life  
                   o'er,

Beneath the fatal knife thou bend'st, and fall'st to rise  
                   no more.

\* The Goose.

Ungrateful man thee casts aside, and searches for a  
better,

Heeding no more the active sprite that first began his  
letter.

Nor such alone to you has Fate so hard a lot decreed,  
For all things, ay, as well as thee, his neighbour doth  
succeed ;

And very few,—like you, my friend, though boasting  
sense and wit,—

His name, his works, (however worth,) to future times  
transmit.

### OFFENCES MUST COME.

Sad ! that offences yet must come,

And discords never cease ;

It proves this world is not our home,

No haven of our peace :

It is the inn where we sojourn,

A place to make some stay—

A week, a day, perchance an hour—

While journeying on the way ;

Where we must sup the bitter cup,

For which we dearly pay.

### REPENTANCE.

Asleep!—ah, would I too could sleep!  
 Thus calmly sink to rest,  
 Untortured by the living worm  
 That gnaws within my breast.  
 How holy is that dreamless sleep,  
 How placid is that brow;  
 Oh that I had tears to weep,  
 Or thou couldst hear me now!  
 Oh that thou couldst lift thine eye,  
 Could see my agony,  
 Could listen to the earnest vow  
 Of faith and love to thee!  
 Oh that the past were blotted out!—  
 That the future might atone  
 For all that thou hast borne for me!  
 'Tis vain. I am alone.

### THE POSTMAN.

I come, and at my coming  
 Each lends an anxious ear:  
 One, with a bounding heart;  
 One, paralyzed by fear:  
 This, with a smile of joy;  
 That, with a silent tear:  
 How varied are the feelings,  
 As my approach draws near!

I come ; and for my coming  
     One waits impatiently ;  
 Another, with a stolid eye,  
     Receives me silently ;  
 Anon come pattering feet,  
     With ringing accents clear,  
 Snatching from my hand  
     The looked-for billet dear.

I come ; and at my coming  
     Moves, listlessly and slow,  
 One whose heart doth beat  
     With an expectant woe ;  
 Whose trembling lip,  
     Whose tearful eye,  
 Smothers its grief till I pass by.

I come ; and at my coming,  
     Reader, my call attend !  
 A messenger of fate am I,  
     A foe, perchance a friend,  
 Guiltless of what Chance decrees,  
     Though my coming brings a shock :  
 Then haste ! and let me quickly in ;  
     Chide not my double knock.

## ATTRACTION.

I know not why I love thee, but this I know full well,  
That fate has woven round thee a potent magic spell ;  
Thou art not beauteous, others say ; yet art thou to my  
eye,

For with thy charms what matchless fair can ever hope  
to vie ?

I know not why I seek the place where thou art found  
alone,

For well I know I ne'er can hope to call thee e'er my  
own ;

Yet I hover o'er thy path, I linger ere we part,  
Although the sight of that loved form still deeper plants  
the dart.

I know not why I dwell upon thy sweet enchanting  
voice,

Whose accents, ever soft and clear, bid every heart  
rejoice ;

For well I know 'tis not for me those melting accents  
flow,

And every sweet melodious tone but works me further  
woe.

They say that "love, to love gives birth";—now say,  
can this be true?

Or wherefore have I no return for all I feel for you?

Ah, I know not why I love thee! but this I know full  
well,

That fate has woven round thee a potent magic spell!

### MY NATIVE LAND.

Oh, land of my birth!

Thou art fairest on earth!

What spot can thy beauties combine?

Thy mountain and dale,

Thy woodland and vale,

Thy ruins so rich in legend and tale!

My land, native land,

Thou art mine.

Oh, land of my birth!

Thou art sweetest on earth!

I love ev'ry rock, tree, and stone:

What picturesque view,

What rivers so blue,

Can e'er equal you,

My country, my birth-place, my home?

My land, native land,

Thou art mine!



## THE MISTAKE.

I loved—I fancied I was loved,

But, ah ! 'twas a mistake ;

It was a sweet, a pleasant, dream,

And I am now awake !

I would that I could sleep again,

Although the waking is such pain.

For in my dream he whisper'd low

Into my ready ear

Words so tender, loving, sweet,—

To my fond heart, how dear !

Could I doubt those words he spoke ?

Could I deem them but a joke ?

And when the ring he gave to me,

And when my hand he pressed,

Could I deem it a mistake ?

Could I think it jest ?

Alas ! it was ! His solemn vow

Is given to another now.

## AFFLICTION.

Affliction is a teacher,  
It may be, rude and stern ;  
Yet harsh as are her precepts,  
From them good we learn.  
She proves to us, our crosses  
Are but trifling pain;  
She teaches, that our losses  
Are our real gain.  
Affliction is our mirror  
By whose aid we view  
And evermore distinguish  
The false friend from the true.  
Affliction is a medicine;  
If bitter, safe and sure ;  
Which, if unpleasant to the taste,  
Yet completes the cure.  
Affliction's thorny pathway  
Leads us safely home :  
Oh ! it hath a purpose,  
Or it had never come.

## A MOTHER TO HER SON-IN-LAW.

Go ! with the loved one—

Go ! with thy Bride—

She who has nestled

So long at my side :

Lone tho' my path be

O'er life's rugged way,

Go ! with the loved one,—

I bid her not stay !

Go ! with thy loved one !

Go ! with thy Bride—

She who for years was

My comfort, my pride ;

She who for years

My pathway did strew

With fresh and fresh flowers,—

I give her to you !

Go ! with the loved one—

Go ! with thy Bride ;

Be thou for life

Her shield and her guide :

And oh ! treat her gently,—

Though dreary my hours,

I'll bear with life's thorns,

If she tread upon flowers !

Yes, go! with the loved one—

Bear her away;

Has she not sworn

To love and obey?

Tho' bitter the parting,

Alas! unto me—

Go! with the loved one,—

I yield her to thee!

ELLEN.

I had a little tender plant,

It flourished by my side;

How did I watch each leaf unfold—

It was my garden's pride!

Slender and graceful was the stem,

It raised its head on high,

As in scorn of earthly bed,

Aiming at the sky!

It had a sweetness all its own,

My other flowers above;

I reared it with parental care,

An ever-watchful love:

From the rough wind I sheltered it,

And trembled with affright,

Lest winter storms might wither,

Or canker-worm should blight.

At early morn it budded forth,  
 And fair it rose to view,  
 Bright as Aurora's early beams,  
 As evanescent, too.  
 Joyfully I viewed my work,  
 But soon that frail stem bent,  
 The pensile drooping head hung down,  
 The little strength was spent.  
 Ere the dew o'erspread the earth,  
 Vainly I searched around—  
 My little tender nursling plant  
 No longer could be found.  
 A few stray blossoms \* scattered lay,  
 I placed them in my breast :  
 My tender plant now blooms above,  
 With Sharon's Rose, at rest.

#### FROM A SICK FRIEND.

Oh ! say not, I am now less kind—  
 That friendship's charm is o'er ;  
 Though weak by sickness, yet in mind  
 I love, as heretofore.

\* Recollections.

Oh ! say not, I am formal—cold,  
 Nor joke, nor laugh comes now ;  
 Ah ! is it easy, oft to smile,  
 When pain sits on the brow ?  
 I may seem changed to others,  
 Less cheerful, it is true,—  
 But neither change of time, or place,  
 Can change my love for you !

### ALAS !

When the wintry wind doth blow,  
 When our hills are tipped with snow,  
 When the streamlets cease to flow,  
 We look for thee !

When sweet Spring becalms the air,  
 When peeps forth the primrose fair,  
 We seek for thee those joys to share,  
 We look for thee !

When round the glowing hearth we sit,  
 With curtains down, and candles lit,  
 We seek thee in thy 'customed seat,  
 We look for thee !

When returning back to home,  
 We seek thee in thy little room,  
 Fancy still hears thy footstep come,  
 We look for thee !

## THE LAST LOOK.

As the first beams of morn  
 Maketh all bright,  
 So affection's first glance  
 Steals o'er the sight.

We hope the bright glance  
 May soon come again,  
 Though it bring with it  
 Mixed pleasure or pain.

But the last look at parting  
 Is two-fold in sorrow,  
 Both woe for the day,  
 And no hope for the morrow.

Alas for that look !  
 When two fond hearts sever  
 There needeth no words ;  
 That look speaks for ever !

## A HYMN.

O God, my voice I lift to Thee ;  
 Listen to my cry,  
 If feeble strains like mine, may reach  
 Thy Majesty on high.

Can praises please from mortal lip !

Wilt Thou vouchsafe to hear ?

Ah yes ! for Thou has promised

To lend a listening ear.

Had I the tones of David's harp,

I'd through the world proclaim

The daily mercies I receive,

To celebrate Thy name.

I'd sing of all Thy wondrous deeds

Since Creation's world began ;

All Thou hast done—art doing still

For thy fallen offspring, man.

But these poor strains are far too weak ;

Yet He, who paid the price,

Hath said, "a humble, contrite heart

Is no vain sacrifice."

Then mine I offer at Thy throne,

Receive it, Lord, I pray ;

And in my dear Redeemer's blood,

Wash all its faults away.



## PROSE AND POETRY.

## PROSE.

Dear sister, though we to each other belong,  
 (And believe me, *I* often am proud of your song,)  
 Yet you, by your over-mellifluous tongue,  
 Entice from my side the lively, the young.

## POETRY.

Nay, brother ; if I may speak my mind,  
 That remark is scarcely just or kind.  
 If the young and quick-witted flock to my side,  
 And the gay and romantic take me as guide,  
 The advantage is yours, while ever enrolled  
 With you are the learned, the steady, the old.

## PROSE.

Well, sister ; I hear you are flighty at times,—  
 That jingle and sound often make up your rhymes :  
     To sound without sense,  
     *I* make no pretence.

## POETRY.

Ah yes ! I believe it is said ; and 'tis true':  
 But guess, my dear friend, what they say too of you !  
 That you too are prosy and dull—is the cry—  
 Spun out, threadbare, wearisome, dry !

## PROSE.

Should it be so, who is of most use ?  
 Pray who contributes to circulate news ?  
 The greatest of orators—statesmen—use me,  
 And of my aid all nations make free.  
 Ah ! my dear lady, the fact is most clear,  
 I progress in usefulness every year.

## POETRY.

I cannot deny these facts, I confess,  
 And perhaps in comparison my works are less ;  
 But yield me this much—By me refined,  
 Upward I raise, by my efforts, the mind ;  
 I purify thought, depression I cheer,  
 Producing the smile, extorting the tear.  
 No more we'll dispute, but do all we can  
 To aid—to refine—to ennoble man.

## ON THE DEATH OF TWO INFANTS.

Georgie and Annie, so late our delight,  
Have climbed up on high, far out of our sight;  
Though our ear could not hear, our eye could not see,  
Our Saviour cried, "Little ones, come unto me!"

Well tended on earth, well clothed and well fed,  
But now they are nourished on heavenly bread;  
Their garments are spotless, fear no moth nor mould  
Our Saviour hath "gathered his lambs to the fold."

Safely they're housed in their haven of rest;  
Then say, should we grieve for the little ones blest?  
Would we wish the dear babes to be earthworms again?  
To suffer fresh sorrow, fresh anguish, and pain?

"Ah, no!" be our cry; though far from our sight,  
Ye are gone, little treasures, so late our delight,  
Still blessed be God! weeping we'll say—  
"The Lord that hath given, hath taken away."

## THE MINISTER.

The Minister whom all revere,  
Must zealous be, devout, sincere;  
Easy in manner, gentle, mild,  
In meekness but a little child;  
Patient, forbearing, ever free  
From overbearing sanctity;  
Often serious, sometimes grave,  
Yet to hypocrisy no slave,  
For white without, and foul within,  
In him would be the greater sin;  
Prone to assist the weak, the poor,  
To poverty, an open door,  
A hand outstretched to give relief,  
An ear to listen to their grief;  
A tongue to give advice, to cheer,  
And (if required) reproof severe;  
Free from ambitious thoughts of gain,  
To follow Christ his wish, his aim,—  
And, like that pattern, he must be,  
Conspicuous for humility.  
From Politics of Church or State,  
He should refrain,—noisy debate

Suits not with one to whom is given  
 To shew the high behests of Heaven !  
 In pulpit, let his care be still  
 His work to do—"his Master's will ;  
 With energetic voice proclaim  
 The truth in that great Master's name,  
 Nor seek to soften or to hide  
 Judgments or threats, or fear to chide ;  
 Not loud in voice, nor yet too low,  
 With emphasis, but not too slow ;  
 Let persuasion on his accents ring,  
 That religion seem a lovely thing,  
 "A path of peace, a pleasant way,"  
 From which one could not wish to stray.  
 Let him exert himself to prove  
 His labour light, "his work of love ;"  
 Where languid efforts till the ground,  
 Fruit must be scarce, if ever found ;  
 The watchman's voice must loud proclaim,  
 If uncertain in its sound, 'tis vain !  
 Such should the Minister—the Shepherd be—  
 A Shining Light!—and such was *He* !

# OCH ! HONE ! THE TONGUE.

What is foremost in a riot ?

What disturbs domestic quiet ?

Eases ?

Pleases ?

Teases ? Och ! hone ! the tongue.

Trumpeter of eloquence,

Folly's greatest evidence,

Achieves,

Relieves,

Grieves. Och ! hone ! the tongue.

Champion of modest merit,

Chief retailer of true spirit,

Raises,

Amazes,

Praises. Och ! hone ! the tongue.

Of friendship and of love the boon,

Organ, too, of sound and tune,

Disarms,

Charms,

Alarms. Och ! hone ! the tongue.

Administerer of foul abuse,  
 Life's great ornament and use,  
 Abuses,  
 Refuses,  
 Amuses. Och ! hone ! the tongue.

Great painter, too, of joys below—  
 Of every hope and fear we know,  
 Offends,  
 Amends,  
 Defends. Och ! hone ! the tongue.

#### TO MARY, ON HER WEDDING.

Mary, while others in thine ear  
 Congratulations pour,  
 Breathing every kindly wish,  
 For every good a store,  
 Believe there is an absent one,  
 Who asks for thee yet more.  
 She wishes every perfect gift,  
 That cometh from above ;  
 Prays for thee eternal bliss  
 And never-ending love ;  
 She asks for thee the pearl of price,  
 In which true riches lie,  
 And a dwelling safe and sure,  
 A mansion in the sky.

## TO THE MISSES B——.

Sweet sisters of green Erin's isle,  
 Where flourish all things fair,  
 May He who rules the winds and waves  
 Protect you by His care ;  
 And as you quit old Cambria's shore,  
 Think that she cries—"Return once more !"

Forget not Cambria's pleasant scenes,  
 Her noble mountain view,  
 Her lordly ruin hanging o'er  
 The Menai Strait so blue ;  
 And while you cross the stormy main,  
 Think that you hear the poet's strain—  
 "Sweet sisters, speed ye back again !"

## THOUGHTS.

Thoughts are strange things,  
 Some perish in their birth,  
 Some thoughts embrace the confines of the earth,  
 Some to the merest atoms cling and rest,  
 Some remain half-fledg'd within the breast.  
 Many the thoughts our daily cares beguile,  
 Forcing the tearful eye to wear a smile ;  
 Others of sombre hue o'ercloud the brow,  
 And their dark nature outwardly do show.  
 Golden and sunny, as from a sunbeam caught,  
 Is the young hopeful dreamer's first love thought ;  
 And dark as Erebus is his who stalks  
 At midnight where the lonely traveller walks.



Mixed thoughts there are, composed of love, of hate,  
 Odd chops of logic, forebodings dim of Fate.  
 Care has its thoughts, business not a few,  
 Ambition many, pleasure many too,  
 And thoughts there are we would not care to view.  
 Thought is a wondrous thing, a thing of power ;  
 Millions of thoughts make up one short hour.  
 Thought is the master of our vagrant will,  
 Thought gives the impulse and the movement still.  
 Thought creates genius—works us weal or woe ;  
 Bitter thoughts make bitter actions flow.  
 Sweet thoughts entrance the senses, endless pleasures  
     give ;  
 Cheering thoughts bid hapless mourners live.  
 We know not whence thoughts come,  
 Nor where they go,  
 Nor what they are ; but their power we know.  
 Thought is a curious thing,  
 In the brain it lies,  
 Its seat is in the breast,  
 For in a sigh it often even dies.  
 Thought pervades all space,  
 Fathoms the deep, deep sea,  
 Reaches beyond the sky,  
 Revels in mystery.  
 Thought, daring thought, dives into futurity !

## HIGHGATE CEMETERY.

I saw a place, a pleasant place !

It rose upon my view

Like to grounds of fairy land,

So green, so fresh, so new.

Adorned it was with verdant slopes

And flowerets fresh and fair,

While goodly trees and rarest shrubs

Proclaimed the florist's care.

'Twas there I saw the silver birch

And pendant willow wave

Her graceful feathery arms upon

What seemed a new-made grave.

A black and lofty cypress there

Reared high its lofty head,

In scorn, or pride, or mockery

Of the surrounding dead !

Here, was a marble stone ; and there,

An urn the sculptor's care :

A broken column here announced

'Twas fallen greatness there.

A mournful sadness seized my soul,  
 And yet 'twas mixed with joy;  
 The scene was fair, and typical  
 Of peace without alloy.

I could have fancied, as I gazed,  
 That the peaceful sleepers round  
 Enjoyed their quiet resting place,  
 Remote from worldly sound :

I could have fancied, as I gazed,  
 I saw the sleepers rise,  
 Shaking off mortality  
 To soar to paradise !

### THE LIVING STATUE.

The voice was melody, loud, sweet, and clear,  
 But sound alone ; there lacked a feeling there :  
 Perfect the chiselled features of that face,  
 Yet lacking in expression, wanting grace :  
 The eye with fringed lid was wondrous bright ;  
 It only wanted intellectual light :  
 The figure excellent, so exquisitely wrought,  
 Yet none could say or think that body thought.  
 Ah, no ! a want existed through the whole ;  
 It was a lovely statue, scarce a breathing soul.

## A CHARACTER.

Friend M———l has such winning ways,  
 The village round all sing his praise ;  
 “How energetic—good—and mild !”  
 Bursts forth from husband, wife, and child.

Is any sick ? to him they fly :  
 Is any poor ? he hears their cry :  
 Is any gay ? with him they smile,  
 And many a tedious hour beguile.

Patron of mirth—of harmless wit,  
 Good-humoured playfulness doth sit  
 Upon that brow, whose front serene  
 Seems formed to chase away the spleen.

Oh happy town ! to you alone  
 Has Fate bequeathed this precious stone :  
 Preserve the gem with jealous care,  
 For 'tis inestimably rare !

May “length of days,” so oft denied,  
 Grant to your prayers your hope—your pride ;  
 What nobler theme can our Muse engross ?—  
 Rise, men of Altou ! sing your “*Man* of Ross.”

## REPLY TO THE EXILE.

'Tis sad to quit our childhood's haunts, the hill, the  
vale, so dear !

And sad it is, alone to sigh and shed the bitter tear.

'Tis sad to quit fair Albion's coast, for evermore exiled,  
Doomed to dwell midst mountains drear and towering  
forests wild.

'Tis sad to leave a parent's arms; a sister's gentle love—  
To hear no more a brother's voice,—in far-off lands to  
rove.

'Tis sad to part from valued friends, to cross the stormy  
main ;

And sadder still is it to feel we ne'er may meet again !  
Yes, these are trials hard to bear—yet, exile, lend thine  
ear ;

Hast thou no other friend hard by, no other father  
near ?

Ah yes ! there's One who round thy couch of misery  
sheds a balm !

Who guides, protects, and comforts thee ; who shields  
His child from harm ;

Who notes down every silent tear, who hears thy softest  
sigh,

Who with compassion views thy lot, and will each want  
supply.

Then murmur not He chastens thee ; that Friend who  
dwells above,

“He wounds thee for His mercy's sake, corrects thee in  
His love.”

## REUNIONS.

There is beyond the skies  
A world of peace and love,  
Where those who parted here in pain  
Shall reunited be again  
In that fair land above.

In those realms of bliss,  
Say, ye I loved so dear,  
If sound of woe is heard, or sigh ;  
If grief's dire fountain there be dry ;  
If wiped is ev'ry tear.

Does care or grief intrude  
In that sweet repose ?  
Does pain or sickness enter there ?  
Does fell remorse the bosom tear,  
Or earth's unnumbered woes ?

You say, all troubles cease  
Upon that happy shore ;  
That care and anguish, pain and woe,  
And ev'ry grief the heart can know,  
Shall there be felt no more !

## A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

The war-trump sounded far and wide,  
 And Harold donned his coat of mail ;  
 While tearless, speechless, by his side,  
 Stood his fair Ella, wan and pale :  
 The busy menials flocked around ;  
 The impatient courser pawed the ground.  
 Hurried commands, from time to time,  
 From the lip of the warrior fell ;  
 His breast glowed at the distant chime  
 Of glory, yet there lurked a spell :  
 He gazed at the being by his side,  
 " Cheer thee, my own, my fair young bride !"  
 " Dearest ! I pray thee not to mourn,  
 Upbraid not, from thy side I stray ;  
 Thy Harold surely will return ;  
 His country's call he must obey."  
 To smile, to speak, fair Ella tried ;  
 She looked upon her Lord with pride.  
 A close, a hurried, fond embrace,  
 Closed was now the castle-gate ;  
 " He's gone, the noblest of his race !"  
 She cried, and Ella mourned her fate.  
 The sorrowing maidens in her train  
 Said, " Lady, he will return again."

Month after month sped slowly by,  
 While Ella fast her needle plied ;  
 Gazing around her mournfully,  
 "He comes not !" and fair Ella sighed :  
 "But Harold said, 'I will return' ;  
 And oh ! he bade me not to mourn."

But the castle-walls now ring with joy,  
 As the lady reclines upon her bed ;  
 It is at the birth of a noble boy,  
 And Ella's (now) first tears were shed ;  
 She languidly gazed at her babe, and said,  
 "Hark ! hark ! I hear my Harold's tread."

"Afar I hear the warlike drums—  
 The tramp of his horse—He comes ! he comes !  
 Oh haste thee, Harold ! I fain would see  
 Again the face so welcome to me.  
 Look out, my maidens," she said, with a sigh ;  
 "They come !" was the weeping maidens' reply.

And a clanking step ascends the stair,  
 Harold, the best-beloved is nigh,  
 Glory and joy light up his eye—  
 But ah ! his Ella is not there.  
 The castle-bell tolls sad and slow ;  
 Joy ! joy gives place to deepest woe !



## THE EMIGRANT.

And must I leave thee ? Hard 'tis to forego  
 Thy cheerful converse, thy resistless flow  
 Of pleasant thoughts, which ever must beguile  
 Life's harsh and thorny pathway—smooth its toil.  
 Sweet friend, this is a sad, sad thought to me,  
 Does Fate ordain that I must yield e'en thee,—  
 Apart—alone—in far-off climes to roam,  
 Dragging a lengthening chain from home, sweet home ;  
 While torturing Fancy ever seeks to trace  
 In stranger forms thy loveliness, thy grace—  
 To listen to each voice for tones like thine,  
 (Tones which must vibrate in this ear of mine)—  
 To seek in every mansion, flower, or tree,  
 Something resembling friends, or home, or thee ?  
 Say years must pass, this absence would I bear,  
 Upheld by hope, thy fate at length to share.  
 But no ! I cannot hope. We two must sever ;  
 Yes, now we part ! yes, now we part *for ever* !

## ODE TO KENILWORTH.

Sweet Kenilworth, a long adieu ! I quit thee with  
 regret ;  
 Those sylvan scenes, so famed of yore, can I soon forget ?

Those noble, crumbling, ruined towers, with ivy mantled  
o'er,

A silent solemn lesson reads—"Soon Time shall be  
no more."

In fancy's eye, full oft I view thy feasts, thy jousts of  
arms,

Banners floating o'er thy walls, and dazzling beauties'  
charms.

I see the lordly Leicester come with England's sceptred  
pride,

Communing earnest down thy slopes, as lovers, side by  
side.

I hear the noise of revelry, I see thy nobles gay,

The martial music, drum and fife, with poet's roundelay ;

Again, that old and pleasant church, within whose  
sacred dome

A faithful shepherd loudly calls, to bring the wanderer  
home.

Thy healthy village, oddly built, where evergreens  
abound ;

Thy fields, adorned by goodly trees, where rustic stiles  
are found.

Yes, Kenilworth, to these fair scenes I give my parting  
lay,

And a regretful, grateful heart I bear with me away.

## COMFORT IN CELIBACY.

There is a monstrous evil  
In our enlightened age,  
Calling aloud for remedy  
From every learned sage.

'Tis that so many fair ones,—  
Of every age and size,  
The lovely, graceful, gentle,  
The learned, grave, and wise,

Like so many flowers,  
“Born to blush unseen,”  
Hid like gems of ocean,—  
Be as they ne'er had been,

Growing like olive branches  
Around the social hearth,  
Ministering spirits,  
Patterns of grace and worth.

From youth to age unnoticed,  
Unseen or uncaressed,  
By lordly man neglected,  
Unchosen and unblest.

These lovely flowers wither,  
They droop, they fade away,  
Denied the privilege to love,  
To honour, and obey.

Now, why is this, Dame Nature ?  
Why mar the social plan  
That gives to every woman  
A helpmate, master, man ?

Order pervades creation,  
Dual are Nature's laws ;  
Then, for this known departure  
There surely must be cause !

Has love for ever fled ?  
Does beauty charm no more ?  
Or is it, man has now the choice  
From one to three or four ?

If so, ye gentle fair ones,  
I really am afraid  
Many, many still must bear  
That epithet, " old maid."

We cannot alter Fate's decree,  
 So set your heart at rest,  
 And in your peaceful path of life,  
 Believe it for the best.

Receive this consolation :  
 Had marriage been your fate,  
 You might have led a sad, sad life  
 With uncongenial mate.

You might have lived to weep and wail,  
 To curse the evil hour,  
 When lordly man selected you,  
 A victim to his power.

### THE SHIPWRECK.

Hark ! the waves roar, the sea-mew cries,  
 The skies portentous lower,  
 A sound in air !  
 " Comrades, prepare  
 To brave the tempest's power !"

Hark ! rushing winds—see ! lightnings fleet—  
 Dazzle the weary crew :  
 " She leaks ; have care—  
 Comrades, prepare !  
 The land is lost to view !"

The vessel leaks—her seams are riven—

Uptorn her shattered mast ;

“Tornado, spare !—

Comrades, prepare ;

Her planks must yield at last.”

Hark ! the wild din of waters’ rush !

List to the bitter cry

Of “mercy ! spare !”

Comrades, prepare

For the last agony.

\* \* \* \* \*

All, all are lost ; while I alone

A lingering death must meet :

The wild winds tear !

Comrades, prepare !

Unfold my winding-sheet !

But what appears !—a sail in view

Cheers my astonished sight !

Skies now fair,

Comrades, prepare—

I perish with delight !

I come ! I come ! companions dear,

The sun has pierced yon cloud ;

Thy fate I’ll share ;

Comrades, prepare !

I but await my shroud !

## THE REASON WHY.

He looked upon me, as he passed,  
With pity in his eye,  
And seemed as if he really longed  
To ask the reason why.

But then one caught him by the arm,  
And led him far away,  
Taking with him all the charm  
Of life to me that day.

I was not guilty, yet I felt  
Fallen in his eye :  
How I hoped—yet how I feared—  
He'd ask the reason why !

It ever was my luckless fate  
To shun what I approved,  
To follow everything I hate,  
And shun what most I loved.

A thoughtless word—a slight mistake—  
Sank me in his eye,  
And now perhaps he does not care  
To ask the reason why.

## THE BABE AT REST.

See that cherub fair,  
 As it lies at rest,  
 Calmly asleep on its young mother's breast,  
 The chubby arm,  
 So soft, so warm,  
 And that rosy palm.  
 See the smooth brow,  
 And the neck of snow,  
 The parted rosy lip, wreathed with a smile,  
 As if the fair child dreamt of heaven awhile,  
 Held converse sweet  
 With seraph's meet.  
 Behold the young mother's delight !  
 She gazes with eyes flashing bright !  
 Cradled in love,  
 The babe doth move ;  
 'Tis a sudden, sudden start,  
 The mother strains it to her heart,  
 She presses,  
 She blesses,  
 With frantic caresses.  
 A struggle—'tis pain—  
 Again ! ah, again !  
 And the young mother rocks in vain.



The rosy lip and cheek turn pale,  
 The stiffening limbs, one feeble wail ;  
 The eye is dim, a moan, a shiver,  
 And the little one's at rest for ever.  
 The mother gazes, transfixed to stone,  
 Clasps her babe, but she is alone !

#### ON AN OLD DECEASED FRIEND.

Friend, thou art gone before me,  
 Thy last look lingers now ;  
 I see thy calm enduring look,  
 Thy pale and placid brow !

I see again thy kindly smile,  
 The greeting ever mine,  
 Which no disease could alter,  
 Changed not with ills or time.

I feel the hand's kind pressure,  
 That tongue refused to tell,  
 Which spoke a long, long parting,  
 A lingering fond farewell !

Adieu ! While memory brings me  
 That greeting and that smile,  
 I'll say, " Behold an Israelite,  
 A man devoid of guile !"

## PROGRESS OF LIGHT.

In days of yore I've heard it said,  
That with the sun folks went to bed ;  
And as with him they also rose,  
Lights were not needed, I suppose ?

But wants arose,—and for display,  
Torches came forth at close of day ;  
Then the rush lent its feeble gleam,  
Making the darkness darker seem.

Tallow-candles now succeeded,  
Whose wicked ends were greatly needed ;  
Then these gave place to the wondrous light,  
Gas, which makes all round us bright,  
And into day has turned the night.

If other lights e'en this surpass,  
We'll cry, as we extinguish gas,  
“ How bright soe'er may be thy rays,  
Give us the light of other days,  
When early to bed and early to rise  
Made men healthy, wealthy, and wise. ”

## THE PRIMROSE.

I wonder if others feel like me,  
When the first primrose I spy ;  
Not even summer's blushing rose  
So pleasantly greets mine eye.  
Perchance the simple flower recalls  
Childhood's careless hours,  
When time flew fast on sunny banks,  
Amid the sweet wild flowers.  
Perchance while I its perfume scent,  
And its fragrance fills the air,  
I seem to have no longer need  
For life's dull round of care.  
Perhaps that little primrose fair,  
Hid in its leaves of green,  
Recalls some little pattering feet,  
On earth no longer seen.  
Perchance some fairy form I see  
Bending with childlike grace,  
And with ringing, merry laugh,  
Peering in my face.  
Perchance once more past sunny hours  
Come again to view,  
And midst those flowers I search again,  
My own fair child, for you !

## PLEASURE HATH A STING.

FATHER.

Go ! where pleasure waits,  
Wide open stand her gates,  
Her path is strewn with flowers,  
Heedless pass the hours.

Plenty crowns her boards,  
Mirth and joys abound,  
Quips and jokes and smiles,  
Laughter's ringing sound !

Join the merry throng,  
Thought ne'er enters in,  
Hark the syren song,  
Fools make mock at sin.

Enter then, my son,  
Why pause at the door ?  
Willing hands lead on,  
Conscience stings no more !

SON.

You pause ? What do I see ?  
What the sounds I hear ?  
Hollow mocking tones !  
Phantoms hover near.

Lo ! behind yon form  
 A skeleton I see !  
 And with finger raised  
 She beckons unto me.

Lo ! that sparkling cup,  
 Disease is lurking there ;  
 And in that revelry  
 Lie madness ! death ! despair !

## DOUBTS.

What is it in this world of strife  
 Still makes us cling and cherish life ?  
 Is it the ties by which we're bound,  
 Or is it care's incessant round ?  
 Is it to taste, and taste again,  
 Of Pleasure's cup the latest drain ?  
 Is it to till the rugged earth,  
 Which grants us each a grave, a birth ?  
 Or is it that from death we flee,  
 As wrapp'd 'tis in obscurity ?  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 We lift the veil, we pierce the gloom,  
 No longer doubtful of our doom,  
 When face to face, by faith revealed,  
 We view the heaven that lies concealed !

## A LAMENT.

I pace along the trellised walk,  
I listen to thy tread ;  
Fancy ever leads me on,  
Though Hope, alas, is fled !  
I look upon thy vacant seat,  
The stool thy foot hath pressed,  
Where how swiftly flew the hours,  
The swiftest, sweetest, best :  
And as I gaze at vacancy,  
I call—But there is no reply !

Ah ! “never” is a solemn word—  
Never to meet again !  
How, how am I to realise  
That seeking thee is vain,  
While around thy home, thy hearth,  
All is as before ?  
All are there, but one loved face,  
That I may view no more ;  
And as I gaze, all things seem  
As if it were a fearful dream !

The day is long, the night is drear,  
 Home but a wilderness,  
 Without thy spirit-cheering smile,  
 Without thy fond caress.  
 All, all around's a dreary void,  
 Life has no charms for me ;  
 The past, the present, nothingness ;  
 No future can I see.

### A CHILD'S THOUGHT.

#### CHILD.

Who formed the hills, dear mother ?  
 Of what are mountains made ?  
 And the great, great sea,  
 It troubles me,  
 And makes me quite afraid.  
  
 And the stars that shine above,  
 Up, up, so very high ;  
 Why do they keep  
 Watch while we sleep ?  
 Who holds them in the sky ?

And then the trees and flowers,  
 The birds and lambkins fair,  
 That frisk away,  
 That bounding play,—  
 Who put those creatures there ?

Who made me too, mother ?  
 And gave me to your care ?  
 Could any one  
 Make flesh and bone,  
 And eyes and curling hair ?

MOTHER.

'Twas God who made them, child,  
 The mountains and the sea,  
 The stars that shine,  
 “ He is Divine,”  
 And he created thee.

He too made the birds,  
 The lambs, the flowerets fair,  
 All, all we see,  
 E'en you and me ;  
 He gave you to my care.



CHILD.

And this great, good God  
Dwelleth far above,  
Sees me and you,  
Knows all we do,  
And bears us tender love.

What can we do then, mother ?  
To please a God so great ?

MOTHER.

Child, if we pray,  
And his word obey,  
He will hear from his holy seat.

CHILD.

Don't all men love him, mother ?  
Don't all men mind his word ?  
Don't all pray,  
And his word obey,  
To please so good a God ?

You tell me, mother dear, that God,  
That God is ever near ;  
Oh teach me still  
To do His will,  
And serve Him without fear.

## THE EVERGREEN.

The bright evergreen ! the theme of my song,  
 The true type of friendship, lasting so long ;  
 The laurel, the bay, whose foliage clear  
 Adorns the parterre throughout the whole year.  
 I mean not the holly, though that is bright too,  
 Bespeaking a friendship both lasting and true—  
 But uncertain,—for while we value it much,  
 It will sometimes resent a very slight touch.  
 Fair flowerets of summer each pass away,  
 Like our youthful acquaintance, friends of a day ;  
 Not scentless or valueless, mem'ry retains,  
 The intercourse sweet in remembrance remains.  
 But near us in winter the evergreens cling,  
 O'er the bleak waste their beauty they fling ;  
 Still verdant ! still bright ! their colours ne'er fly ;  
 They droop not, nor wither, but shine till they die.  
 Just so is a genial endearing old age,  
 When the heart's better qualities still will engage ;  
 When the smile of benevolence lights the eye yet,  
 Though the follies of youth cause the tear of regret ;  
 When the "tongue's law of kindness" makes counsel  
     so dear,  
 And love into verdancy turns the leaf sear.

## PRIDE OF BIRTH.

A poor little rose sat drooping  
From a fine vase of stone,  
Her pensile frame bent and stooping,  
Freshness and loveliness flown.

She gazed on the flowerets below,  
Sparkling with dew-drops fair :—  
“O for the sun’s bright glow !  
O for the pure, fresh air !

“Why was I born thus to linger  
With these scentless exotics rare ?  
Why culled by beauty’s finger,  
To die on her bosom fair ?”

The peony heard her complaint ;  
With pity she lifted her head,  
Saying :—“Come to us, Rosa, again :  
There is room in our pleasant bed.

“O’er us sweet zephyrs preside,  
We are fanned by Aurora’s breath ;  
Apollo will seek thee as bride,  
E’en from the cold grasp of death !”

“Oh ! oh !” cried the rose with scorn,  
“Think you I’d consort with you ?  
Could I herd with the lowly-born,  
Or mingle my dust with your crew ?”

Peony's face she cast down,  
 Her bosom it teemed with sorrow,  
 As the rose-leaves pattered down  
 From the vase on the next to-morrow.

### TO A WEEPING MOTHER.

Mother, dearest ! cease, ah ! cease,  
 I am now in perfect peace—  
 "Peace the world can never give";  
 I would not—no ! I would not live.  
 Mother, while my head is press'd  
 On thy dear maternal breast,  
 While those accents long so dear  
 Fail to ring upon my ear,  
 Now when all is lost to view,  
 And thy dear features fading too,  
 A glorious vision comes in sight,—  
 Around me all is radiant light !  
 My spirit struggles to get free,  
 To shake off dull mortality.  
 Farewell, dear Mother ! weep no more,  
 I am not lost, but gone before ;  
 Gone to make ready—"to prepare  
 A place for thee," and wait thee there !

## A CHARACTER.

Hers was a nature of no common mould,  
 For as she did her character unfold,  
 Beneath the frost-work of a grave, cold mien,  
 Bright and endearing qualities were seen,  
 Like the bright verdure of some northern clime,  
 Peeping from out the chilling frosts and rime,  
 Shewing the rich soil lying hid below,  
 Rich fruits the summer sun would cause to grow.  
 Affection was her sun, in whose warm beams  
 Her coldness melted, and produced such streams  
 Of sweet Benevolence, and all her graces,  
 Yet left the sterner virtues in their places.  
 Aloof from common minds she held her sway,  
 More intellectual, not more proud, than they;  
 With no mean consciousness of higher worth,  
 But uncongenial—one of higher birth.

## DEATH.

Death, like a reaper, cometh into the field,  
     He spareth not high or low;  
     What careth he  
     For the young and the free,  
     The friend, or the bitter foe?

He leaves aside his lawful prey,  
 The old, the infirm, who sink to decay,—  
     To smite down the flower  
     That clings round our bower.  
 Ruthless is he,  
 For he cuts down the sapling and the old oak tree.  
     He mows down the cheerful,  
     Cuts down the sad,  
 Careth no more for the good than the bad.  
     A pitiful sight,  
     It fills with affright,  
 When he robs the strong man of his boasted might.  
 Anon he comes slyly, stealing his prey ;  
 As ashamed of the theft, he bears it away.  
     He spares for no tears  
     When he dealeth his blow,  
 For what careth he  
     For our grief or our woe ?  
 He comes like a thief in the dead of the night,  
 Filling the household with horror and fright !  
     No time to prepare,  
     What doth he care ?  
 But since all by Death's sickle must fall,  
     Since we know not the hour  
     When we yield to his power,  
 Let us watch, for he cometh for all !



When the fair present spoke of joys to come,  
 When the forgotten past lent no threatening gloom ;  
 With health thou camest, and labour, ay, and toil,  
 When conscience spoke not of remorse or guile.  
 Golden days ! 'twas then, sweet Sleep, that thou  
 Flung thy fresh poppies freely o'er my brow.

### A GENTLE WORD.

A gentle word, how sweet it is !  
 Its worth is rarely known ;  
 For, like the rose, its beauty hath  
 A fragrance all its own.

Ay, gentle words and loving acts  
 Around the heartstrings twine,  
 And lighten up the dreary scene,  
 Like diamonds in the mine.

A gentle word, how great its power !  
 'Tis like no other sound ;  
 It pours a balm in sorrow's ear,  
 And comfort sheds around.

Ay, gentle words and loving acts  
 Strew flowers o'er our path,  
 Adding fresh charms to every joy,  
 Making a heaven of earth.



## LAKE WINDERMERE.

I gaze upon these mountains, that mingle with the sky,  
 Whose awful fronts impede my view, erect in majesty;  
 I see the Maker in His works, His wondrous power I  
                   see,

His strength, His towering majesty, from mortal weak-  
                   ness free.

I look upon this glassy lake, whose waters crystal,  
                   bright,

Reflect the lovely scenery in every varied light;  
 In this I see His providence, His grace, His purity,  
 His matchless ever-watchful love, His lasting care for  
                   me.

I view the starry concave high, the milky path I trace,  
 The moon in silence holds her reign o'er this lovely place,  
 She with her mild pellucid light adorns each flower and  
                   tree;

So doth communion with our God gild our destiny.

The mountain, lake, and starry train, how beauteous to  
                   the sight!

How sweet to view such scenery in chastened silvery  
                   light!

But sweeter far when, face to face, heaven's glories we  
                   shall see,

And from this earthly paradise, O God, we mount to  
                   thee.

## THE GLORIOUS NINETEEN.

They say there is nothing new under the sun,  
That all that now happens was formerly done ;  
But who can assert that things past have been  
The same, as we have in the glorious Nineteen ?

Now, when Noah's Ark in water did float,  
Could there have been a modern steam-boat,  
Keeping its time almost to a hair,  
Whether the winds proved stormy or fair ?  
Oh no ! believe me, the thing was not seen  
Except in the days of our glorious Nineteen !

Then the steam-carriages ! who ever heard  
Of journeys by land like the flight of a bird,  
When folks may lie down, and do as they please,  
Being really at home, — quite at their ease,  
Without any household or taxes to tease ?  
Oh no ! such comforts never were seen,  
Except in the days of the glorious Nineteen !

Then the telegraph's power ! a novelty great,  
 Carrying news both early and late,  
 Bringing the poles near one another,  
 And the saint and the savage become friend and brother.  
 Oh no ; such great wonders nowhere were seen,  
 Except in the time of our glorious Nineteen !

Again, there's the wonderful Mesmeric sleep,  
 Deadening pain, while the mind's working deep ;  
 So that cutting off legs is but aiding of science,  
 Causing the owners but slight inconvenience.  
 Never indeed were such strange doings seen,  
 Save in the times of our glorious Nineteen !

Then clairvoyance, striking all round with surprise,  
 Surprising alike the unlearned and wise,  
 For the clairvoyant sees without opening his eyes.  
 Had our grand-dames but heard this wonderful ditty,  
 They'd have shook their old heads in wonder and pity ;  
 For ah ! in their times such things were not seen  
 As now in the days of the glorious Nineteen !

Then to speak of the tables' beginning to turn,  
 Poor souls, all such notions how they would spurn,  
 As unworthy belief : and then that they spoke,—  
 The tables?—they'd laugh, and deem it a joke ;  
 For how could they credit that such things were seen,  
 Or ever occurred, in the glorious Nineteen ?

Nor is this all ; for in this famous Nineteen  
 The sexes are changed too, plainly 'tis seen :  
 No longer retiring, as long, long ago,  
 Ladies sometimes run after a beau ;  
 And when he is caught and compared with themselves,  
 You'd be at a loss to distinguish the elves.  
 For the change is so great as never was seen,  
 Except in the days of the glorious Nineteen !

Why, the gentleman's hat is part of their dress,  
 His coat and his boots adopted no less ;  
 In short, the ladies have so changed their plan  
 There's little to guess by if woman or man.  
 So think you there ever were such people seen,  
 Except in the days of the glorious Nineteen ?

Now is it not fair, while changed we are thus,  
 Our ancestors should turn the tables on us,  
 And give us likewise more than one rap,  
 Unless we exchange the hat for the cap ?  
 They may tell us, " You people are right in your lore,  
 Never such outrages happened before ;  
 For when women are men, and tables can speak,  
 The world has grown old and childish and weak."

## TRUE LOVE.

Oh ! love is the only true charmer of life,  
A comfort in trouble, relief in our pain ;  
Whether as daughter, son, mother, or wife,  
Love sweetens the cup to the very last drain.

From the day of our birth, to life's latest hour,  
Love never yields up its wonderful power ;  
And when each passion is lifeless and cold,  
It rests in the bosom grown childish and old.

“ Love's course is not smooth ” has oftentimes been said,  
Nor is the stream on a rough rocky bed ;  
If it stumblingblocks meet, that does but prove  
Its waters are fresher and purer, like love ;

Which, like the torrent, yet ever runs on,  
Though the flowers by its side are faded and gone :  
So true love will cling to the beautiful maid  
When her charms are all fled—her graces decayed.

Love has been called a mischievous boy,  
Ever on wing to vex and destroy :  
He was but mistook for that ill-natured elf,  
Self-love, who careth for none but himself ;  
While true love—unselfish, the heart's best treasure—  
Seeks not himself, but another, to pleasure.

## A LEGEND.

In the deep shade of a tangled wood,  
Beside a fountain, a lady stood,  
    A lady of noble mien ;  
Her fair face wore a pensive air,  
Pale, with a brow of grief and care,  
    In youth so seldom seen.

She listened ; oft she looked around,  
As waiting some expected sound :  
    Her limbs they seem to fail,  
As she hears the tramp of a courser's feet ;  
But moves not, the comer-on to greet,  
    That lady wan'and pale.

He comes ; 'tis a gallant stranger knight,  
Wearing his glittering corslet bright ;  
    He reaches the fountain side :  
No greetings passed, yet the two conferred ;  
A question her *ear* alone hath heard,  
    Her answer he doth abide.

Slowly from ashen lips it came,  
While shiverings shook the lady's frame :—

“ Be it for weal or woe,  
I will not—dare not—break my vow :  
Sir Knight, you have your answer now,  
I cannot, will not go !”

She spoke, and the lady averted her head,  
As facing an object of horror and dread :

He rudely seized her arm,  
O'er his dark brow a shadow passed,  
With iron grip he held her fast :  
The maiden swooned in alarm !

\* \* \* \*

The morrow came : an anxious sire,  
With heart o'ercharged and brain on fire,

Calls upon his child ;  
The menials, with boding sigh and fear,  
Seek their lady far and near,  
With manner strange and wild.

But she answers not ; with tones so sweet  
Father and daughter no more may meet :

But in the deep, dark wood,  
Beside a fountain, a glove was found,  
Faded and torn ; while all around  
Lay a deep pool of blood !

And folks affirm that, dressed in white,  
 The lady walks night after night,  
     Wringing her golden hair ;  
 A coal-black courser, by her side,  
 Neighs, and rears his neck with pride,  
     As he guards the lady fair.

The legend goes—This tragedy  
 Will last to all eternity ;  
     Unless at dark midnight  
 A lover will dip in the pool a glove  
 Stol'n from the hand of his lady-love,  
     And challenge the spectre-knight.

#### A BIRTH-DAY SONNET.

Dear H———, yet another year  
     I sojourn on this earth,—  
 Am spared to greet again the day  
     That gave my H——— birth.

Oft have I wished thee every good :  
     Life, happiness, and health ;  
 With inward peace of mind, that store—  
     That mine—of endless wealth !



There does not, then, remain a good  
 I have not wished before ;  
 For every blessing I have prayed  
 Heaven would on thee shower.

What further boon then can I ask ?—  
 What worlds can never buy !  
 It is, that thou may'st live so well  
 As not to fear to die.

#### REPLY TO A CHARADE—"FAREWELL."

The missionary's FARE may be  
 Wasting toil and misery,  
 Yet oft to him the bliss is given,  
 To lead a wandering soul to heaven.

Sure gain is his, nor fear of loss,  
 Whose hope is anchored on the Cross ;  
 Though stormy winds may ring his knell,  
 And rock his bark, yet all is WELL.

'Tis sad to leave his native shore,  
 And see his own dear friends no more ;  
 Yet ages now unborn may tell  
 Glad tidings for that sad FAREWELL.

## WINTER.

Oh, Winter, rude Winter, thou'rt here,  
 And Nature looks solemn and drear ;  
     The trees are all bare,  
     Nought dost thou spare ;  
 'Tis the last month of the year.

Heigho !

We mourn for the days that are past,  
 As we hear thee close by on the blast ;  
     No flower, no bee,  
     No herbage we see ;  
 And the sky is with clouds overcast.

Heigho !

We cannot thee lovingly greet,  
 For thou bringest the frost, snow, and sleet ;  
     Again and again  
     The cold, dripping rain  
 On every casement doth beat.

Heigho !

Oh, Winter, with frosty old pate,  
 We pray thee, thy rigours abate :  
     Remember the poor,  
     Pass by their door ;  
 Though others may yield to their fate.

Heigho !

For we'll sit round our fire,  
 Pile it up higher—higher !  
 And then we will say,—  
 “ Stern Winter, stay,  
 Till we make thee thy funeral pyre.”  
 Heigho !

# I WOULD NOT BE A LADY.

I would not be a lady,  
 Great as great could be :  
 What were riches, what were birth,  
 If not shared by thee ?

Nor would I be a queen,  
 With all her dignity,  
 For I'm sure the king himself  
 Could not equal thee.

Regal robes, jewelled crowns,  
 Would but prove a snare ;  
 Trappings ne'er can beauty bring,  
 They but bring it care.

No jewel, howsoever bright,  
 That on my brow could shine,  
 Could ever lighten up my face  
 Like one kind glance of thine !

MARRIAGE *VERSUS* CELIBACY.

I pity him that is unwed,  
 Who never to himself hath said,—  
 “This is my own, my cherished wife,  
 The sweet companion of my life !  
 This the loved idol of my heart,  
 That nought but death can ever part ;  
 One who enables me to bear  
 All life’s ills, each grief, each care” :

I pity him, poor solitaire !  
 Still there is one I pity more,  
 Linked to one who grieves him sore—  
 The woman of unyielding mind,  
 Capricious, fickle, stern, unkind ;  
 Or she who cares for self alone,  
 Not “flesh of his flesh,” “bone of his bone” :  
 Such a one may justly curse  
 The hour he “took for better for worse”  
 His wife—and others live to bless  
 Their peaceful, utter loneliness !

## SICK YEARNINGS.

I'm longing to reach the wood, love,  
To catch the soft evening breeze,  
The wood, love, where we used to rove  
Amid the leafy trees.

Oh, 'twas sweet to rove at ease !

The world and its cares shut out, love,  
No sound to disturb or molest,  
No voice save thine, or the cooing dove,  
Seeking her own safe nest.

Oh, 'twas a season of rest !

I feel like a girl once more, love,  
Let us off to the wood again !  
If from this weary couch I move,  
'Twill rid me of weakness and pain.

Oh, I long to be there again !

Yes, carry me in your arms, love,  
Place me beneath yon tree ;  
But from my side—ah !—do not move,  
Let me gaze on thee.

Oh, stay ! it cannot be.

## A SEAMSTRESS TO HER CHILD.

Oh, Willie, you are waking !

What will mother do ?

Head and heart are aching,

She scarce can carry you.

Sleep, sleep a little longer—

Till this work be done ;

Sleep will make you stronger :

Be still, my little son.

Darling, you are hungry,

And I have nought to give !

Cruel, cruel fate !—Boy,

Why, why should we live ?

These eyes are dim and bleary ;

I work, I watch, I weep ;

Ah me ! I am so weary

For want of healthful sleep.

Again ? Well, Willie, come then,

I'll warm you at my breast ;

It may be, you and I, child,

May sink at last to rest—

The sleep that knows no waking,  
 Where, Willie, you and me  
 Will feel no wants or aching,  
 From care and sorrow free.

### TO A LATE SPRING.

Come, tardy spring, and with thee bring  
 Health upon thy perfumed wing.  
 We have listened for thy voice  
 To bid the aching heart rejoice ;  
 We have watched thy coming feet  
 From yon moss-grown verdant seat.  
 Why so tardy ? why delay ?  
 The lambkin longs with thee to play,  
 The garden waits thy coming posies,  
 The maiden yearns for fresher roses.  
 The tuneless birds forget to sing,  
 Hovering on uneasy wing.  
 Why loiter at old Winter's tomb,  
 Leaving all Nature full of gloom.  
 Come, sweet maiden, fresh and fair,  
 With thy step so debonnaire ;  
 Drive the stormy winds away—  
 Ah ! thou art come with charming May !

## A MONODY ON THE DEATH OF ANNIE.

Weep ! Bangor, weep ! mourn ! ay, mourn !  
 She, whom thou lovest, for ever is gone ;  
 She, whom thou lovest, sleepeth that sleep  
 From which there is no awakening—then weep.  
 But her traces I view whenever I stray  
 Through “the strait path” and “the narrow way.”  
 I enter the humble abode of the poor,  
 Her footprints have hallowed that cottage door :  
 There is the place where Annie did stand,  
 There the Bible she held in her hand,  
 There is the school ; and on yonder chair,  
 In fancy, I see the meek form there.  
 “Feed ye my lambs,” her Shepherd said ;  
 Cheerfully Annie that call obeyed.  
 Yes, her footsteps we trace wherever we roam,  
 But her mission of love ended at HOME !  
 Here her home duties never could cease ;  
 Here Annie proved the angel of peace.  
 Her footsteps are all that is left us to keep,  
 But they are engraven on each heart deep ;  
 We mourn ! but we need not *hopelessly* weep.



REPLY TO THE SONG—  
 “DO THEY THINK OF ME AT HOME?”

Do we think of you at home?  
 Believe me, yes, we do;  
 Wheresoe'er you roam,  
 We fondly think of you.  
 Ah! we think of you at home;  
 There's scarce a day—an hour—  
 When memory e'er languishes,  
 Or love can lose its power.

Do we think of you at home?  
 Oh! ask it not again;  
 The cruel doubt is agony,—  
 Makes absence double pain.  
 Yes! we think of you at home;  
 Your image on the hearth  
 Seems ever present still,  
 Whether in grief or mirth.

Do we think of you at home?  
 Yes, you're remembered here;  
 Your well-known voice and tone  
 Still ring upon the ear:  
 And that loved, familiar form  
 How, how could we forget?  
 Ah no, believe me, evermore  
 You'll be remembered yet.

## WRECK OF THE ROYAL CHARTER.

And the gallant ship sped on  
     O'er the watery waste,  
 And many a voice therein  
     Cried, with eager haste,  
 "Speed thee on, fair bark,  
     Over the waters blue,  
 And bear me to yon land—  
     My native land, to you!"  
 And the sails unfurled,  
 And the blue waves curled,  
     As if to give reply;  
 And the song went forth,  
 And all was mirth  
     Beneath that cloudless sky.  
 Oh, *The Charter* was a goodly sight,  
 With joyous faces and golden freight:  
     Five hundred souls were there!  
 The husband and the lover here  
 Have brought their all, for those so dear;  
 The hopeful son, his golden bar,  
 Bringing his treasure from afar,  
     Gained by such toil and care.  
 And the gallant ship sped on  
     Through many a day and night,

With the sails unfurled,  
 As the blue waves curled,  
     And shrieked the water sprite!  
 A cry of joy—a cry—  
 “The land! The land is nigh!”  
 Hand joins hand  
 Of the gallant band;  
 They cheer, they cheer,  
 “ ’Tis near! ’Tis near!”  
 But of a sudden, an envious cloud  
 Doth the noble cliffs enshroud,  
     And all around is drear:  
 Winds grow rough;  
 Seamen bluff  
 Cry, in accents stern and gruff,  
 “Below! below,  
 All, all must go.”  
 Rocks appear—  
 Each quails with fear,  
 As they near the shore;—  
 The waters pour—  
 And voices are lost in ocean’s roar!  
 Consternation on each brow  
 In the gallant vessel now;  
 No song, no bumper, goes around—

A shock ! They cry,  
 " She is aground !"  
 The husband clasps the trembling wife,  
 The children cling to him for life :  
 " Where is the babe ?" (a call in vain) ;  
 Echo answers him again :  
 In the rude wave  
 Each finds a grave,  
     Clasped in each other's arms :  
 Children's wild cries,  
 In death's agonies,  
 Mount to the skies :  
     And all is dire alarms.  
 The captain cries, " The shore is near ;  
 Courage ! oh, cast away your fear " :  
 But *hope* could never enter there.  
 A burst ! a noise ! What is it ?—Hark !  
 Asunder cleaves the gallant bark !  
 Some poor souls together cling,  
 Some draw back—while others spring  
     Into the briny wave :  
 Some catch the ropes  
 Held from the shore ;  
 Some venture—and return once more,  
     Fearing that darksome grave.

And of that band  
 (The shore at hand)  
 Few, very few e'er reach the land,  
 And none remains on the gallant deck ;  
*The Royal Charter's* a fearful wreck !

### HEALTH.

Oh, Health ! returning, renovating power,  
 How art thou sighed for, prayed for, in the hour  
 Of long and wasting sickness !—  
 Hoped for art thou on the couch of pain :  
 E'en after expectation long and vain,  
 Still hoped for—wished for—prayed for yet again.  
 Despite grave warnings, given by pain's increase,  
 Despite the sad soul's yearning after peace,  
 (That silent monitor seeking release,)   
 Health ! for thee what sacrifice too great,  
 Whether 'tis wealth, or pleasure, honours, state ?  
 For thee the monarch gladly would lay down,  
 In mortal sickness, e'en his jewelled crown  
 Strange ! yet we slight thee, thou a priceless boon :  
 Unthinking mortals, we forget thee soon,  
 Nor heed the luxury we so much prize—  
 Haply for which, in vain our brother sighs,  
 Prays, hopes, and yearns for, and despairing—*dies* !

## THE WET DAY.

(A LA BURNS.)

Who has not felt a nameless thrill,  
 Betokening a coming ill,  
 That sent into his heart a chill,  
                                 When *I* come ?

Ye little ones, so prone to play,  
 Gazing around in dire dismay !  
 When pools are glistening on the way,  
                                 When *I* come ;

Disconsolate at dripping pane :  
 Do ye not wish—and wish in vain—  
 There was not such a thing as *rain*,  
                                 When *I* come ?

And you—ye dainty lady fair,  
 Bedizened out with so much care,  
 A thing too delicate for wear  
                                 When *I* come :

Do not ye look sadly down,  
 Despairingly, at cloak and gown,  
 With something very like a frown,  
                                 When *I* come ?

Ye farmers, with your new-mown hay,  
Are ye not often heard to say,  
“ Oh for a fine sunshiny day ! ”  
When *I* come ;

Forgetful of the good time past,  
When seed, upon the dry ground cast,  
My tears have ever ripened fast  
When *I* come ?

Alas for you, ye thoughtless crew !  
What would ye, or what could ye, do,  
If angry I should pass by you  
When *I* come ?—

Vainly ye'd seek the harvest field,  
Which neither corn nor grass would yield ;  
Vainly the useless sickle wield  
When *I* come.

Ay, think it o'er, untoward set ;  
Remember, ye are in my debt !  
And henceforth neither fume nor fret  
When *I* come.

## THE BLIND LADY'S REQUEST.

Ay! play once more that plaintive strain—  
Strike, strike those chords again, again!

They bring to me anew  
Sweet memories of by-gone years;  
Their loves, their joys, their hopes, their fears;  
Hallowed by smiles and sighs and tears,  
With pleasures not a few.

Ay, play those dulcet strains once more;  
To me they bring loved-days of yore,  
Making me yet a child:  
Childhood's scenes once more I view,  
Where all was fair, and bright and new,  
With kindly faces—warm and true,  
That ever on me smiled.

*Once* more!—I would not ask too much;  
But oh! that clear, that gentle, touch  
Recalls a voice so dear,—  
Tones that through this heart yet thrill,  
Whose sound yet hovers o'er me still,  
Making these sightless orbs yet fill,  
As fancy brings them near.



I weep ! but 'tis a pleasing pain ;  
 For with that long-remembered strain,  
     The loved, the lost, are here :—  
 'Tis but illusion, yet how sweet !—  
 And hours and days are passing fleet,  
 That once again we all may meet,  
     Though in a brighter sphere !

### HE IS NOT THERE.

(SONG.)

There is the terrace, just facing the sea,  
 Where, my heart told me, he waited for me ;  
 They tell me 'tis cheerful : the scene may be fair,  
 But oh ! it is changed, for he is not there.

There's the gay ball-room's galaxy of light,  
 By beauty and flowers and music made bright ;  
 How brilliant that scene ! now 'tis but glare !  
 It dazzles not me, for he is not there.

There's the green lane where once, hand in hand,  
 Many a frolicsome pleasure we planned—  
 Fresh youthful feelings—we knew not a care :  
 How all is changed, since he is not there !

The terrace and ball-room perhaps are the same,—  
 As fragrant the hedgerows of yonder green lane :  
 But not so to me ; my heart's full of care—  
 All, all is one void—*he* is not there !

## WRITTEN IN AFFLICTION.

Orphaned, companionless, I taste  
 The waters of affliction now ;  
 The bitter cup—yes, yes—with haste  
 I drink ; and to stern Fate I bow.

For wherefore uselessly repine ?  
 Wherefore struggle to get free  
 From evils portioned out as mine ?  
 Why hope to shrink from destiny ?

Who on earth can find true rest ?  
 Who knows not, feels not, grief and care ?  
 What mortal man is truly blest ?  
 Whose cloudless sky is ever fair ?

The dark ! dark hour will pass, will flee,  
 Borne upon Time's resistless wing ;  
 And sunny hours again to me  
 May peace of mind and comfort bring.

Dreary the lot that hath no end !  
 There is a turn for every tide ;  
 When at the worst, events must mend,  
 If patiently we will abide.

## TWINKLING STAR.

(song.)

Tell me, little twinkling star,  
If some one, distant very far,  
Ever thinks of me :  
Does he, when no one else is nigh,  
Softly breathe my name, and sigh ?—  
Little star, “ Oh yes ! ” reply,  
“ He thinks of thee ! ”

Tell me, little friendly star,  
Whose beams can reach so very far,  
If he, night and day,  
Gazes on a portrait still,  
And perchance with eyes that fill :  
Little star, say—“ Yes, he still  
Thinks of one away ! ”

If 'tis so, then, little star,  
Tell the loved one, distant far,  
There is one away,  
Who cannot—never will—forget  
Love and honour's sacred debt,  
Or the hour when last we met ;  
Who for him will pray.”

## CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

Come, Bessie, to the hillside, and take another view  
Of yonder vale,  
Where first my tale  
Of love I breathed to you.

It was beside yon rippling stream, meandering below,  
On grass new mown  
We sat us down,  
Speaking in accents low.

The bees came buzzing near, the flowers bloomed around;  
Nought could I see,  
Dear Bess, but thee;  
Thy voice the only sound !

And now in after years, love, what remains beside  
To me in life  
But thee, my wife,  
In this dull world so wide ?

Ah, it was a blissful hour when we exchanged that vow,  
But can it be  
With you and me  
More blissful than 'tis now !

## SONG.

He's coming ! he's coming ! away, with my fears !  
We parted in sorrow for many long years ;  
He's coming, he's coming, across the salt sea,  
And—oh, he is coming, coming for me !

He's coming ! he's coming ! I dreamt that we met  
Under the willow tree, as the sun set :  
“ I'm coming, I'm coming,” he whispered to me,  
“ Dearest, I'm coming, coming for thee !”

He's coming, he's coming : blow, breezes, blow,  
Speed on the bark ; waves, gently flow :  
He's coming, he's coming across the salt sea,  
And oh ! he is coming, coming for me !

He's coming—he's coming, whate'er may betide,  
To plight me his vow, to make me his bride ;  
He's coming, he's coming, from trouble now free,  
And oh, he is coming, coming for me !

## ANNA.

Anna's life was bright and fair !  
Anna never knew a care ;  
Anna's friends were ever true ;  
Life to her was fresh and new !

But a shadow came at last,  
 Anna's sky was overcast,  
 O'er her heart there came a chill,  
 Tears would oft her blue eye fill.

Her busy hands oft listless hung,  
 And mute became the flowing tongue ;  
 No more her fair locks did she braid—  
 Ah ! what ails our little maid ?  
 Sly Cupid, has he aimed a dart  
 At our little Anna's heart ?

#### HER PORTRAIT.

Her portrait ! ha ! it fain would speak ;  
 'Tis life itself, that aspect meek.  
 See what true eloquence there lies  
 Low in the depths of those clear eyes,  
 And in that open brow serene—  
 Types of the soul contained therein !  
 There too the soft, redundant hair,  
 Like skeins of gold, meander there ;  
 Then the full lip, the smile so sweet !  
 Wanting but breath, it is complete.  
 Great artist, yes—to thee we bow,  
 A greater than Pygmalion thou ;  
 For without mother earth or clay,  
 The face divine thou dost pourtray.

## ON LOOKING AT A PICTURE.

I love to look upon that face, so loving and so kind,  
That viewed me in the fairest light, and to each failing  
    blind ;  
Which seldom—seldom met my gaze without its pleasant smile,  
And though beat down with heavy cares, would ever  
    mine beguile.

Oh, many—many weary days have fled since thou art  
    gone,  
And many—many wearier still must find me still alone ;  
But hope will whisper in my ear, that thou wilt yet  
    return  
To cheer the sorrowing, mourning friends, who ne'er  
    have ceased to mourn.

Ah ! yes ; I fancy, while I gaze, I see a look of love—  
Of promise, too, to come again, like Noah's faithful  
    dove,  
To bring to me the olive-branch across that dreary sea,  
The harbinger of peace, my friend, that fled away with  
    thee !

## THE HEATHER-BELL.

Sweet heather-bell, I know thee,  
So fair, so fresh, so free !  
O'er barren waste, o'er rocky dell,  
That fairy form I see ;  
So elegant, so chastely wrought,  
Withal so frail a form :  
And yet thy little hardy stem  
Lives throughout the storm,  
Smiles from out thy rocky bed,  
While hardier flowers hang their head.

Like thee, yon youthful tender wife,  
Linked by a cruel fate—  
To toil, to struggle, drag through life—  
With stern and rugged mate :  
Round him (like thee) her charms she flings,  
Through the rude blast she closer clings,  
Making e'en poverty's rude nest  
The haven of sweetness, beauty, and rest.



## THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

How loving was that lingering look

The sufferer cast around !

Composed, yet with a labouring breath,

She cries :—" O welcome, welcome, Death !

For heavenly life I've found :

I tremble not, I do not fear

To pass the valley dark ;

For outstretched to my eager eyes,

A happy land beyond it lies,

Where saints are singing. Hark !"

A solemn pause ! . . . Around that bed

Is heard no sob, no sigh ;

But silent each sad mourner said,

" Oh that I thus may die !"

And—watching thus the flickering breath—

Cried solemnly, " Can this be death ?"

## MALVERN.

Malvern, thou'rt fair, and well thou'rt placed ;  
 By Art, by Nature, equally thou'rt graced ;  
 That fairy-like, bursting on the sight,  
 The gazer's eye fills with strange delight.  
 As on thy far-famed hill he takes his stand,  
 Below he seems to view the promised land,  
 Where milk and honey through thy valleys flow,  
 Where fruits and flowers in vast profusion grow,  
 As "England's orchard" stretches round below.  
 Whilst dazzled with the sight of scenes so fair,  
 The cottage *ornée* peeps forth here and there,  
 Half hid by roses, mid its alleys green,  
 Adding their veiled charms to the sylvan scene.  
 If poverty is there, he sees it not—  
 Can it lurk within yon rustic cot,  
 Where flowers abound and ruddy cheeks appear ?  
 Ah no, the fell destroyer is not there :  
 All round, the stranger's eye dwells upon wealth,—  
 The best, the truest riches—health, sweet health !

## REPLY TO "OH! LEAVE ME TO MY SORROW!"

(song.)

I'll leave you not in sorrow,  
With care upon your brow;  
It may be, that to-morrow  
May be less sad than now.

Regard not me so lightly---  
A careless, selfish one,  
Caring for you so slightly,  
And leaving you alone.

I shared with you in gladness,  
When full of smiles, and gay;  
Then let me share your sadness,  
Send me not away.

Remember you that hour,---  
My hour of deep, deep gloom,---  
When, by your skill and power,  
You drew me from the tomb?

Remember how you taught me  
To love; it was your due;  
You paid the price, you bought me,  
Then let me live for you.

## HEAVENLY REST.

The dearest and best  
 Are gone to their rest,  
 The rest of my people above;  
 Nor sorrow, nor sin,  
 Can there enter in,  
 In that bright mansion of love!

Lord, our hearts so prepare;  
 We too would be there,  
 With the blest ones for ever to live:  
 When death shall release,  
 May we also find peace,  
 "The peace which this world cannot give!"

## A HOLY DESIRE.

Jesus, shall I ever be  
 An humble follower of Thee?  
 Sinner—shall I ever prove,  
 The child of grace, the child of love?  
 Will these wanderings ever cease?  
 Will this throbbing heart find peace?  
 Oh! whisper—while I mourn my fate—  
 "Come, ere repentance be too late;  
 Come!"—O good Lord, to Thee I pray;  
 Let me not prove a castaway.

## DIFFERENCES.

In every clime, in every age 'tis seen,  
 That men do differ; this hath always been,  
 And shall be ever, for there's no dispute  
 Each has his own opinion and pursuit:  
 Some intellectual; these men find  
 Delight in study, storing well the mind;  
 Some men to manual arts alone attend,  
 Others to light pursuits attention bend;  
 One ploughs the ocean, one the land doth plough;  
 This sews the garment, that the grain doth sow;  
 One mounts the bench, and frames his country's  
     laws,  
 One wields the sword—dies for his country's cause;  
 One by the healing art mankind would save,  
 One teaches man to look beyond the grave;  
 That a musician, and a painter this;  
 The antipathy of one's another's bliss.  
 One sees a beauty in a form or face  
 In which his neighbour can no beauty trace;  
 This man prefers the country to the town;  
 In colours, one prefers the red to brown;  
 This loves a sombre tint, and that a bright;  
 This covets sunshine, that the darkest night:  
 And happily ordained, for you, for me:  
 For did we all alike admire and see,

Discord, discomfort, must for ever reign,  
 And few, if any, could their wish obtain.  
 Say all were lawyers, who would go to war?  
 If all were warriors, where would be the bar?  
 If all were sailors, who would sow the grain?  
 If all were farmers, who would plough the main?  
 If all were students, where would be our food?  
 If all were merchants, our ideas were crude:  
 If all were rich, where would the servants be;  
 If all were poor, we'd die in poverty.  
 Say that we all admire the selfsame graces,  
 There'd be no end of discontented faces:  
 Far better, then, that thus it is decreed  
 That one should give his help, and one should need.  
 Agree we, then, to differ; it is Nature's plan,  
 And let us alter, if we dare, or can!

#### AN ADVENT.

And must it be? then thou and I must look each other  
 in the face!

Thou, Death, art eager for thy prey,  
 And mortal I, what can I say?

I've run my race!

Say that a few more fleeting years might awarded be;  
 Say, were they granted to my tears,  
 How full of cares, of pains, of fears!

Why shrink from thee?

Unwelcome thou, yet dost thou bring peace and endless  
rest ;

Sleep to the restless, aching brow ;

A holy calm, that who can know—

Who but the blest ?

Would that the hope, the bliss, was mine, secure of  
this bright certainty ;

Then, Death, thou wert but the dark way

Leading on to the endless day,

Awaiting me.

### LONELY AND ONLY.

He left me (ah, so lonely) with but a cold "good-bye" :

Less cruel had he (only) breathed a heart-felt sigh ;

I then had lived (if lonely) less sore—less grieved in  
heart,

Regretful still, (yet only) regretting we must part.

But now when left (thus lonely) harsh thoughts will  
arise ;

I weep my fate (not only,) but that I *ever* met his eyes ;

I curse the hours when (only) peerless was I to one,

Who by the wayside (lonely) leaves me thus alone !

Oh say ! should he (be lonely) will he review the past,

And grieve for her who (only) loved him to the last ?

Will he sigh for her, (so lonely !) the plaything of an  
hour,

And seek her, (and her only,) a fair though faded flower ?

## TRUE AFFECTION.

I would I were a gallant barque  
 To bear thee in my arms,  
 And through the stormy gales of life  
 Secure thee from alarms !  
 Oh ! then we would go hand in hand .  
 To yonder safe and pleasant land.

I would I were thy polar-star  
 To watch o'er thee when borne afar ;  
 That by my clear and steadfast light  
 I might be ever in thy sight :  
 And then I'd guide thee to that shore  
 Where friends may meet, to part no more ;  
 Where Fate could never more control  
 The deathless love, uniting soul.

## THE TONGUE.

Since for ages we've sung  
 Thy defects, faulty tongue,  
     The evil we cannot dispute ;  
 Yet is it but fair  
 We should also declare,  
     Of good thou art often the root.



The kindly word, the sage advice,  
Surely these are pearls of price ?

Then instruction wise,  
Pity's pleadings, eloquence,  
Argument, and gifted sense :  
Oh ! virtue in thee lies.

But thou, my tongue, like the courser free,  
Must not have full liberty ;

But needs a curb or rein  
To check thee in thy rampant speed,  
And guide thee, as we guide the steed,  
Thy frolics to restrain.

### A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

" You never speak of him," I cried.

She said, with tearful eye,

" Ah no ! I do not speak of him,  
Because you weep and sigh."

The love within that childish heart

For me, how deep ! how strong !  
Harder and harder still to part,  
To be remembered long.

Another well-beloved one,  
 By fond love, may chase  
 My tears away ; another form  
 May fill thy vacant place ;

Another hand be clasped in mine,  
 And in my path strew flowers :  
 But memory yet will cling to thee,  
 And call back by-gone hours.

And though full many long, long years  
 Have passed, have fled away,  
 A little, wasted form appears,  
 Fresh as 'twas yesterday.

The wound within a mother's heart,  
 A slight, slight touch will feel ;  
 Seared over, still a throb, a smart  
 Time cannot wholly heal.

### THE FORSAKEN.

In early youth, when full of glee,  
 I sought her sweet society ;  
 They called me then her little beau :  
 Ah ! was it well to serve me so ?

We sauntered forth in sunny weather ;  
At all times we were found together :  
Sweet memories ! hard to forego !  
Was it well to serve me so ?

In after days well pleased we'd meet,  
Read from one book, sit on one seat  
In close commune ; thus did we grow :  
Was it well to serve me so ?

I chose her out from many a throng,  
I loved her well, I loved her long :  
Cruel to work me so much woe !  
Was it well to serve me so ?

All my fond hopes in life are gone ;  
How can I love another one ?  
This heart no other love can know :  
Was it well to serve me so ?

'Twas gold's false glitter lured afar  
From me my bright, my only star :  
Now all is dark ! But time will show  
If it was well to serve me so.

## THE NOSE'S COMPLAINT.

Poet, poet, tell me why  
 You so eulogise the eye—  
 Praise the lip, the glossy hair,  
 Rosy cheek, and brow so fair,  
 Every feature of the face,  
 Shape and manner, air and grace,  
 Taper finger, tongue, and smile ;  
 Passing by *me* all the while ?

Poet, listen to my case :  
 Is there beauty in the face  
 (You'll allow that, I suppose)  
 Without the centre-piece, the nose ?  
 Valueless the brightest eye,  
 If sentinel I stand not by ;  
 Unmeaning, too, the sweetest smile,  
 Deserted by the nose awhile !

Foremost feature in the face,  
 How can the nose e'er lack in grace ?  
 Confess : there cannot be a doubt ;  
 No beauty can exist without.  
 So, poet, take your lyre again,  
 And give poor me a tuneful strain ;  
 Eye, lip, and smile have had their day,  
 Give, give to *me* a roundelay.

## ENVY.

Before the silvery moon arose a cloud,  
 Seeking her disc to intercept and shroud.  
 "Friend," quoth the placid moon, "remove, I pray;  
 I would illumine Nature with my ray;  
 Suffer that I to-night should freely shine,  
 And then the gloomy morrow may be thine."  
 "Not so," replied the cloud—when, to the sight,  
 His edges wore a fringe of silver bright,  
 Making his heavy bulk more dark appear,  
 In contrast to the scene around, so clear!—  
 Like to the envious man, seeking to smother,  
 Hide, or deny the virtues of another.  
 Feeble the effort, foolish as 'tis vain,  
 Making such excellence more bright and plain,  
 Exalting thus his wounded brother's fame.

## CHRISTY'S LAMENT.

Kind friend of the beastie,  
 Whoever you be,  
 Hear the lament of  
 A poor doggie.  
 I'm scouted and flouted,  
 Called a vile cur;  
 They say I am plain;  
 It's unjust, I am sure.

As soon as I reach  
 The wide-open door,  
 'Tis shut in my face,  
 And it opens no more.

Now, what is the matter ?  
 I'm civil to all,  
 Active and cleanly,  
 And come at a call.

To hardest of fare  
 I never object,  
 Bearing with patience  
 Harsh words and neglect.

I guard the house well,  
 And make such a noise,  
 Woe to the beggars !  
 And woe to the boys !

If I chase cats,  
 It's defending my right ;  
 If loudly I bark,  
 I never do bite.

My heart it is large,  
 If my stature be small ;  
 Even undeserved blows  
 I resent not at all.

I confess to *one* fault,—  
 I am too fond of play :  
 If I frisk, or I whisk,  
 It is only *my* way.

Now, in this wide world  
 I have but one friend,  
 Whom to love and to serve  
 Is my being—my end ;

And still, though despised,  
 While this mistress I own,  
 Poor ill-used doggie  
 Is not quite alone.

Ah ! friend of the beastie,  
 The tale is o'er-true :  
 Christy committeth  
 His cause unto you.

#### INVITATION FROM A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

Dear friend, how much I pity you,  
 As these glorious scenes I view !  
 I pity much thy meagre fare,  
 And wish thou wert but here—

Not there !

How sweet, at eventide to walk  
 On lawn or silent grove ;  
 Gently to pace by the calm sea,  
 Murmuring of its mystery ;  
 Or steal along the shady lane,  
 Reflecting visions past again ;  
 Sometimes, ensconced in shady nook,  
 Watching the efforts of the brook ;  
 And then at times to stroll at ease  
 On mountain-top, kissing the breeze,  
 Watching from far the distant sail,  
 Inhaling health at every gale !  
 As with eager ear I catch each sound,  
 And gaze upon the clouds around,  
 With pitying eye the town I view,  
 Wishing its walls more distant too ;  
 And then, my friend, I think of you,  
 Wishful that you these joys could share,  
 And that you were but here—

Not there !

Enclosed within four dreary walls,  
 Subjected too to morning calls,  
 With prospects limited to shops,  
 Or at the highest—chimney-tops,—  
 Ah ! as I quaff the ambient air,  
 I wish you were but here—

Not there !



Come ! we will now our states compare :  
 For verdant field, you have a square.  
 For silent grove, the park you love.  
 For ocean strand, your noisy band.  
 For shady lane, sparkling champagne.  
 For nook and brook, the last new book.  
 For Nature's graces, pale, thin faces.  
 For mountain-top, a splendid shop.  
 For waterfall, there is your ball.  
 For healthful breeze, a loll at ease.  
 For fleecy cloud, theatre's crowd.  
 For appetite, some gorgeous sight !

Ah, my poor friend, yield up your joys ;  
 Quit, quit those scenes of mirth and noise :  
 And when the town far-off you see,  
 With me you'll cordially agree,  
 And while you quaff the ambient air,  
 Rejoice you are now here—

Not there !

#### FATE.

Damocles sits at his board of state,  
 Piled with its viands delicate ;  
 Vain are the dainties round him spread,  
 The threatening sword hangs overhead !

## AN APPEAL.

You are going far away,  
 And who, my love, can say  
*When* we each other may greet,  
 My John.

And then, can I be sure  
 Affection will endure?  
*Or* if we ever more may meet,  
 My John.

I think you won't deceive,  
 And I'm trying to believe  
 That absence makes the heart grow *fond*,  
 My John.

*Yet* I sometimes feel  
 Time Love's wound may heal,  
 And *then* I begin to despond,  
 My John.

In countries where you go  
 There are fairer ones, I know,  
 Who your affection may estrange,  
 My John.

I'm sure I could not blame,  
 For *I* might be the same ;  
 And what too if *I* should change,  
My John ?

No ! no ! where'er you go,  
 I shall follow you, I know,  
 And *that* will ease all doubt,  
My John.

For what is life to me  
 When separate from thee ?  
 Ah ! I could not exist without  
My John.

### WAIT.

Why is that brow no longer fair,  
 As though some buried grief lay there ?  
 What speaks it ? is it despair ?  
No—Wait ! wait ! wait !

Why is the footstep now so slow ?  
 Why is the voice so changed, so low ?  
 Is it some ruthless, sudden blow ?  
No—Wait ! wait ! wait !

Why doth the eye so absent seem ?  
 As if this life were but a dream :  
 Say ; is "hope deferred" the theme ?  
       'Tis wait ! wait ! wait !

### REMEMBRANCE.

When far away on the deep, deep sea,  
 In the dreary watch, I'll think of thee ;  
 My guiding star then wilt thou be,  
                                     Sweet maiden !

When cold and cheerless, thy dear smile  
 Will many a lonesome hour beguile,  
 And ease thy lover's cheerless toil,  
                                     Sweet maiden !

When storms arise and danger's near,  
 And hope is swallowed up in fear,  
 I'll picture then thy silent tear,  
                                     Sweet maiden !

And if submerged beneath the wave,  
 I'll trust thy pious prayer may save  
 Thy lover from his yawning grave,  
                                     Sweet maiden !

## FILIAL LOVE.

Bring my palette, let me sketch  
My mother in her chair ;  
Ah, she shakes her head, and smiles !  
To me she still is fair,  
Coifed in that becoming cap,  
So pure, so neat, so white,  
With those soft bands of silver hair,  
To me a lovely sight !  
And then those dove-like, loving eyes,  
Tender, earnest, true :  
Ah ! my darling mother,  
How beautiful are you !  
That cheek, if somewhat pale and thin,  
Wears sometimes a flush,  
A youthful tint of palest rose,  
Like the maiden's blush ;  
And those dear, little, fairy hands,  
Reclining on thy knee,  
Useful, small, and very white,  
Could they have toiled for me ?  
That form, though pillowed up, retains  
Much of its former grace,  
Keeping up a dignity  
Befitting our proud race.

Those silver locks, the drooping form,  
 The cheek, (if wan and pale,)  
 Mother, in vain would poverty  
 Or age itself assail.  
 What you have been, and what remain,  
 All around may see ;  
 The friend of all in weal or woe,  
 And all in all to me !  
 My sketch is finished. How ? Alas !  
 Carelessly, I fear ;  
 For down thy dear maternal cheek  
 Coursed a silent tear :  
 That tear I could not paint ;  
 It was for me it fell,  
 And seemed, to my prophetic eye,  
 To take a sad farewell !

### THE WANDERER.

A simple maiden Jeannie was,  
 Luckless was her fate !  
 She sits upon her ain hearth-stane  
 From early morn till late ;  
 And then, amid the gloaming,  
 She wanders many a mile,  
 Unwitting of the path or gloom,  
 Listless of her toil.

Blameless, blithe, and bonnie  
Was Jeannie in her youth,  
Full of grace and gentleness,  
Guileless, full of truth.

Lovers had she many  
Flocking round her door,  
Seeking Jeannie's look or smile ;  
Jeannie gave no more.

But a lordly youth drew nigh,  
Fearless, frank, and free ;  
He wooed, he won the maiden's heart,  
And then afar went he :

But first he gave a golden ring ;  
He placed it on her hand,  
And swore to claim her as his bride  
When back from foreign land.

Jeannie waited many a year,  
Sitting on her door-stane,  
Till, lo ! a train comes sweeping by :  
It was a bridal train ;

And foremost in the rank was one,  
*He* who gave the token :  
 The ring of gold her hand did hold,  
 Jeannie's heart was broken !

And now she wanders far and near,  
 Heeding not toil or pain,  
 Still looking out for his return  
 Who ne'er will come again !

### COMPARISONS.

What are riches but a bubble ?  
 What is fame ? toil and trouble.  
 What is genius ? a spark that soon grows dark.  
 What is beauty ? a flower.  
 What is love ? an April shower.  
 What is friendship ? 'tis the fly just born to die.  
 What are honours ? empty spoil.  
 What is learning ? labour, toil.  
 What is youth ? unspun thread, how soon sped !  
 What is courage ? empty breath.  
 What is age ? herald of death.  
 What is time ? a moment, see,  
 Fore-runner of eternity !



## FADED ROSE.

Faded rose, why dost thou yield  
To me so sweet a pleasure ?  
Why can none other in the field  
To me be such a treasure ?

Faded rose, what ! dost say  
Why thou causest pain ?  
Speakest thou of one now away,  
Ne'er to come again ?

Faded rose, who gave thee me,  
And placed thee in my breast ?  
'Chance, in thy poor form I see  
The hand that form hath pressed.

Faded rose, 'chance thou hast been  
A witness to my tears,  
Bringing with thee some by-gone scene  
Some hope of former years.

Ah ! faded rose, thou'rt lovely still,  
Ay, and fragrant too !  
For thou canst cause this heart to fill  
With memories ever new.

ON VIEWING AN AUSTRALIAN PLANT,  
GIVEN BY ONE DECEASED.

My mimosa-tree,  
As thy form I see,  
I seem to cross the stormy seas,  
I feel methinks the southern breeze,  
And visit our antipodes.  
Gorgeous flowers round me rise,  
Wingéd wonders skim the skies,  
Skies of so intense a blue !  
Insects of every form and hue,  
With all things startling, strange, and new.  
Night has its wonders ; round the pole  
No "Great Bear" is seen to roll,  
No "Milky Way" ;  
Yet light as day !  
Making all around it bright,  
"The Southern Cross" sheds its golden light !  
Yes, strange the visions you bring to me,  
Graceful, trembling mimosa-tree !  
On yon stone,  
All alone,  
Sits a form beloved, well-known !

She looks o'er the deep ;  
 As she views yon star,  
 Why does she weep ?  
 Her thoughts are afar ;  
 Perhaps she longs—she sighs in vain—  
 To cross those stormy seas again ;  
 Perhaps she her love is waiting to me !  
 Say ; is it so, mimosa-tree ?

## FATE.

He tries to join the merriment round,  
 He fain would listen to music's sound ;  
 He smiles, but trembles with grief and dread,  
 For the sword, the sword is overhead !  
 Friends of the hour are standing by,  
 Watching the gaze of his upturned eye :  
 "Cheer up !" say they ; "be not o'er cast ;  
 It may never come, or it may not last.  
 "Taste the delights around you spread ;  
 Eat, drink ; be merry ; look not overhead."—  
 "The sword," cries Damocles, "hangs by a thread !  
 "Vainly is spread the delicate meat,  
 Vainly I try to drink or to eat,  
 Vain my attempt to gaze around :  
 I see not the dance, I hear not a sound,  
 I care not for aught"—Damocles said—  
 "While the fearful sword hangs overhead !"

## THE EMPTY SHRINE.

In yonder far-off room there lies  
A mystery of mysteries !  
'Tis a mother beloved, a young wife fair,  
Lies alone, neglected there.

Morn and eve her lip did bless ;  
Why seek we not her fond caress ?  
Why leave her to her loneliness ?

She who such faithful vigil kept,  
Tending our couch while others slept—  
Why shrink we now from her embrace,  
Nor dare to look upon her face ?

A change is come o'er that sweet brow,  
The pale, pale cheek is cold as snow ;  
The ready smile, the tender kiss,  
These are the tokens that we miss !

The form that we loved may be there,  
But its stony aspect brings fear ;  
The eye, so loving and bright,  
Now fills with horror and fright.

We turn away in despair,  
The mother we loved is not there,  
The spirit we cherished has fled away—  
Has left but its shrine, the painted clay.

## PICTURES.

## THE DEPARTURE.

I sat at my accustomed window-seat,  
 Watching the loved one of my heart retreat;  
 Slowly he paced, looking back, to spy  
 If he perchance once more might catch mine eye :  
 While I—What could I do but cry,  
 Half-ashamed lest some one else were by.

## THE RETURN.

'Twas sunset. Young and joyous faces wait,  
 Full of expectance, at the wicket gate.  
 Ah ! there he comes ! and with his placid look,  
 Carrying his usual knotted stick and book.  
 The gate is reached ; one boy his hand caresses,  
 And to his manly breast another presses ;  
 While, by that upturned eye, each child he blesses ;  
 Then gazes round as looking for another ;  
 Cries, "Go, my boy, go—go and seek your mother" :  
 While I—I hide, pretending not to hear  
 The loved, the cherished tones of "Clara dear !"   
 Then springing forth, the summit of my bliss,  
 I claim my right, the long-expected kiss.

Then haste we to the board, whose frugal fare  
 Is sweetenéd by condiments so rare ;  
 Love, content, and harmony are there !  
 A picture this : it is, or 'tis to be,  
 Or has it been ? What matters it to thee ?  
 It is a picture very true to nature,  
 With woman, as 'tis meet, the foremost feature.

### MY FLOWER.

I saw a primrose on a mossy bank,  
     So fresh ! so fair !  
 I plucked and placed it on my breast :  
     It withered there !  
 So thou, my Ellen : ruthlessly did I  
 Woo thee and win thee from thy cot,  
     To share my lot ;  
 Transplanted thee, fair flower, to yon proud dome—  
     Thy gorgeous tomb !  
 Bewildered by false glitter, thy bright eye  
 Forgot its brightness ; pale thy cheek ;  
 Yet with that heavenly aspect meek,  
     Content with me to die !  
 Hopeless and powerless, I watched thy slow decay ;  
 And on my breast didst thou,  
     My flower, fade away !

## Some Duties.

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### TO A MINISTER.

Oh ! ye whose holy office  
Is to exhort and teach,  
Be watchful, lest your conduct  
Deny the truths you preach.

Oh ! let each daily action  
Confirm the words you say,  
Lest you “who preach to others  
Become a castaway !”

Sacred is the calling ;  
Important, to proclaim  
The merits of your Master,  
And to exalt His name—

A name, revered and holy,  
At which each knee should bend  
Our Saviour, our Redeemer,  
Our Brother, Priest, and Friend !

Let no respect of persons  
Leave the truth untold ;  
Though ever meek and lowly,  
Still in "The Word" be bold !

Be patient in well doing,  
Lightly thy brother scan ;  
And while you chide the sinner,  
Do not despise the man.

Frequent in exhortation,  
Ready with help in need,  
Go, liberally scatter  
Around the precious seed.

Let not your lamp be hidden,  
But raise it up on high,  
That the precious beams may shine  
On ev'ry passer-by.

Order well your household :  
Your own acts should tell  
That you are His servant  
Who "doeth all things well."



Yield not to party spirit,  
 Join not in loud debate,  
 Pay tribute unto Cæsar,  
 Uphold the Church and State.

Give comfort to the mourner,  
 Exhort to deeds of love,  
 Point to the weak and wandering  
 The path to worlds above.

#### TO A PARENT.

Parent, there is a duty  
 Responsible and deep,  
 It is, a soul immortal  
 Is given to your keep !

Guard the priceless treasure  
 From each untoward ill,  
 From foes without and foes within :  
 Use every art and skill.

Let not a blind indulgence  
 Spare the chastening rod ;  
 Remember all must give account  
 To an all-searching God.

Of us He will demand again  
 The talent He has given,  
 The priceless souls, lent to us  
 To educate for heaven.

Let not the mind be barren  
 Like an unfruitful waste,  
 But of the tree of knowledge  
 Permit your child to taste.

Train her in paths of uprightness,  
 Sincerity, and truth ;  
 Teach her to confide to you  
 The follies of her youth.

Be not prone to give reproof ;  
 And if the fault is small,  
 Check with mildness and in love,  
 Or notice not at all.

Share in each harmless pleasure,  
 This loving post ne'er lose ;  
 And to guard your child from evil,  
 Her young companions choose.

Oh ! loving, anxious, sacred task,  
 To rear up as we ought  
 A youthful candidate for heaven,  
 By the blood of Jesus bought !

# TO A CHILD.

Obey your earthly parent :  
 This is a duty plain,  
 'Tis Nature's law ; and God's command  
 Will be to you sure gain.

Reverence your parent ;  
 This too is His command ;  
 The rich reward he promises,  
 " Long life in the land."

Cheer and support your parent,  
 Help her declining years ;  
 She tended you when helpless  
 With ceaseless hopes and fears.

She guarded your defenceless form  
 From every fancied ill,  
 And taught your infancy to know  
 And love God's holy will.

She lauded ev'ry effort,  
 Reproved each error small,  
 Wept o'er each pain and sorrow,  
 And comfort gave through all.

In life's varied changes  
 When left by every friend,  
 In trouble, absence, crime itself,  
 Her love could never end.

Attend unto your parent,  
 Respect is then her due ;  
 She ever listened to your plaint,  
 Prayed less for herself than you.

Respect her faults, her weakness ;  
 'Tis but a claim the more,  
 And ah ! 'tis poor repayment  
 For what for you she bore.

If she rebuke, it is in love ;  
 Receive it as 'tis given :  
 Your heavenly Father also chides  
 The child he leads to heaven.

If such a parent's care and love,  
 Ingratitude were shame ;  
 Where love so freely has been given,  
 Return fourfold again.

#### TO A NEIGHBOUR.

Act kindly by your neighbour ;  
 Be loving, tender, true :  
 Bestow on him love's labour ;  
 'Twill back return to you.

Be pitiful, be courteous,  
 As you would wish the same ;  
 " Do as you would be done unto "  
 Frees us from all blame.

Be friendly to your neighbour :  
 Though he may be unkind,  
 Unto his little follies  
 Be you a little blind.

Forgive his harsh reproaches,  
 Forget th' untimely word,  
 Keep back the surly answer,  
 Let anger be deferred.

Till you yourself are blameless,  
 (If such should ever be,)  
 Think every shaft is aimless,  
 Tho' it may 'chance wound thee.

Be gentle with your neighbour,  
 Feel for his weal or woe,  
 Weep with him in his sorrow,  
 Joy when his joys o'erflow.

Be cheerful, bland, and pleasant ;  
 Give him the ready smile :  
 Frown not, though he frown on you,  
 But pass it by awhile.

It may be he's mistaken—  
 Will find it out ere long ;  
 It may be he repenteth.  
 It may be *you* are wrong.

Draw back from each slander,  
 Defend your neighbour's fame ;  
 Listen not to every tale  
 Till *you* are free from blame.

But who, then, is my neighbour ?  
 He dwelleth close at hand,  
 He roams about the wide, wide world,  
 He dwells in every land.

#### TO A MISTRESS.

Would you in your servant  
 Ease or comfort find,  
 In your daily conduct  
 Be ever just and kind.

Be not inconsistent,  
But ever just and fair ;  
Show that, in your ev'ry act,  
Her interest is your care.

Be vigilant not o'ermuch,  
Each little fault to spy,  
Lest ever-failing thus, to please  
She should cease to try.

Shun not, yet, to give reproof,  
Or punishment to spare,  
When follies are grown weighty ;  
Or you such blame will share.

Be you her bright example,  
Her model day by day ;  
And as you walk, she'll follow,  
And cheerfully obey.

In sickness, care, or sorrow,  
Be ready with your aid :  
Kindly tones and kindly acts  
Are seldom unrepaid.

Prove that you love the Bible,  
And by its rules abide ;  
Teach her by its precepts  
To take it as her guide.

Remember who has placed you  
 Thus in a rank above ;  
 He takes you for an instrument  
 In his great work of love.

### TO A SERVANT.

Servants, you yield your mistress  
 Services for pay ;  
 Grudge her not the fair exchange,  
 But her commands obey.

“Work in singleness of heart,  
 As unto Christ,” saith Paul ;  
 “Not only to the courteous,  
 But faithfully to all.”

Labour is tenfold lighter  
 If 'tis a work of love,  
 The path of duty's brighter  
 If conscience doth approve.

Between the maid and mistress,  
 The high and low degree  
 The line of demarcation is,  
 And must ever be.



But the maid and mistress  
 Alike are, in God's eye ;  
 The balances are equal  
 With Him who reigns on high.

Be patient, even with reproof,  
 If no reproof you merit ;  
 Do not fancy angry words  
 Show "a proper spirit."

Meekly if you bear the blame  
 When you are in the right,  
 Remember it is pleasing  
 And righteous in God's sight.

His ever watchful eye  
 Notes the tears you shed ;  
 Each patient, labouring sigh  
 By Him is numbered.

If humble be your station,  
 Placed in a rank below,  
 He will raise to His right hand  
 His faithful from below.







